

# THE DIAL



A Monthly Index of Current Literature

PUBLISHED BY  
JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1883.

[Vol. III, No. 36.]  
TERMS—\$1.50 PER YEAR.

## CONTENTS.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON . . . . .	265
McMASTER'S HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. <i>W. F. Poole</i> . . . . .	270
THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS. <i>C. C. Bonney</i> . . . . .	272
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. <i>Horatio N. Powers</i> . . . . .	273
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . .	276
Mathilde Blind's Biography of George Eliot.—Joel Ben- ton's Emerson as a Poet.—Mason's Selections of Brown- ing's Lyrical and Dramatic Poems.—Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning.—Franz's The Jews of Barnow.—Mrs. Blake's On the Wing.—Muzzey's Remi- niscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution and their Families.—Goodwin's Socrates.—Bishop Hurst's Bibliotheca Theologica.—Bradley's Recollections of Dean Stanley.—Dr. Davis's Hygiene for Girls.— Fanchette.—James's The Siege of London, etc.—Freeman's Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome.— A Daughter of the Phillistines.—McElroy's The Red Acorn.—Hope's Homespun Stories.	
"CONVICT INDEXES" . . . . .	280
LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS . . . . .	281
BOOKS OF THE MONTH . . . . .	281
PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . .	284

## CARLYLE AND EMERSON.\*

We shall have no passages from the lives of Carlyle and Emerson more precious than the volumes of their correspondence with each other. Their intercourse was like that of brother with brother, intimate, frank and tender, disclosing mutually, with the least need of words, the innermost sanctuaries of the heart. The letters which passed between them extended through a period of thirty-eight years. These have nearly all been preserved, and, with the exception of a few notes of introduction and one or two duplicate letters, are now united in a complete collection. There are a hundred and seventy-three altogether, contributed about equally by the two writers. Both were chary of their communications, as of gifts of high value, which were not to be cheapened by a descent to garrulity.

The correspondence began in 1834, a few months after the meeting of the two men

\*THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1834-72. Boston; James R. Osgood & Co.

during the first visit of Emerson to England. Carlyle was at the time residing at the lonely estate of Craigenputtock, Scotland, whither Emerson had gone, as he declares in his first letter, "drawn by strong regard to one of my teachers," to see his person and environment, and from the fulness of gratitude to cheer him with words of hope and encouragement.

"It was to fulfil my duty, finish my mission, not with much hope of gratifying him.—in the spirit of 'If I love you, what is that to you?'"

The interview gave mutual delight. Carlyle confided the happiness of it to his mother two days later, saying:

"We could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him."

Emerson, on his side, testified of his new friend:

"I found him one of the most simple and frank of men, and became acquainted with him at once. \* \* \* He talks finely, seems to love the broad Scotch, and I loved him very much at once. I am afraid he finds his entire solitude tedious, but I could not help congratulating him upon his treasure in his wife, and I hope he will not leave the moors: 'tis so much better for a man of letters to nurse himself in seclusion than to be felled down to the common level of the compliances and imitations of city society."

These opening incidents in a memorable friendship took place in August, 1833, when the personages concerned were well past their youth, Carlyle being thirty-seven and Emerson thirty. Neither had yet made any mark in the world. Carlyle had published some essays in the British magazines, which Emerson, with keen insight, had noted and estimated at their worth, while he himself was scarcely known beyond a small circle of New England theologians. Returning to his home in Boston, Emerson kept watch of the writer who had so attracted him; and after the appearance of four numbers of "Sartor Resartus," in "Fraser's Magazine," expressed by letter his renewed indebtedness to the author. In this first epistle he mingles with choice words of recognition criticisms as candid and fearless.

"You are dispensing that which is rarest," he

observes, "namely, the simplest truths, truths which lie next to consciousness, and which only the Platos and Goethes perceive. I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit—when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought,—and, in short, when your words will be one with things."

Then playfully extracting the sting from his strictures, he concludes:

"If any word in my letter should provoke you to a reply, I shall rejoice in my sauciness."

A generous response came duly from Carlyle, now living at Chelsea, his future home:

"Among the figures I can recollect as visiting our Nithsdale hermitage, there is perhaps not one of a more undoubtedly supernal character than yourself; so pure and still, with intents so charitable; and then vanishing, too, so soon into the azure inane, as an Apparition should!"

In acknowledging Emerson's hearty praises of "Sartor," he says:

"From the British side of the water I have met simply *one* intelligent response—clear, true, though almost enthusiastic as your own. My British friend, too, is utterly a stranger, whose very name I know not." His correspondent's objections to the form and style of "Sartor" he accepts manfully, as "welcome and instructive," adding:

"Since I saw you, I have been trying, am still trying, other methods, and shall surely get nearer the truth, as I honestly strive for it. Meanwhile, I know no method of much consequence, except that of *believing*, of being *sincere*; from Homer and the Bible down to the poorest Burns's song, I find no other Art that promises to be perennial."

In the explanation of his departure from Craigenputtock, the story of his poverty is unfolded:

"Censure not; I came to London for the best of all reasons,—to seek bread and work. So it literally stands; and so do I literally stand with the hugest, gloomiest Future before me, which in all sane moments I good-humoredly defy."

In this beautiful spirit of sincerity and loving kindness was the correspondence inaugurated, and to the end it never altered or lowered its lofty standard. The writers rapidly warmed in feeling toward each other until the love between them was of the fondest nature. Yet it was ever sparingly uttered in definite sentences. "Do not forget me," now and again pleads Carlyle in closing an epistle; and Emerson conquers his reserve in the confession, "I love you always," or "I love you more than is fit to say." Carlyle, with his more impetuous and demonstrative disposition, gives way to his moods more frequently, and the words,—

"You are a blessing to me on this earth; no letter comes from you with other than good tidings,—or can come while you live there to love me. \* \* \* I am sick of soul and body, but not incurable; the loving word of a Waldo Emerson is as balm to me, medicinal now more than ever."

are charged with emotion, while Emerson remarks, in changeless serenity:

"You are so companionable—God has made you man as well as poet—that I lament the three thousand miles of water."

In temperament the two friends were opposites, yet counterparts, and it is interesting to observe how the sweet, steadfast patience and mildness of Emerson soothed and subdued the excitements and tumults of Carlyle. All the way along, Emerson acted as comforter and sustainer, a ministering spirit with the faith and the fidelity of a woman, and Carlyle leaned upon and turned to him with the perfect assurance of love. In every vital circumstance affecting either, they communed together, giving and receiving sympathy and consolation. Carlyle, suffering from a persistent and tormenting malady, from painful poverty, from a too eager and irritable temper, and from a long want of adequate returns for his severe and exhaustive literary labors, was weighted with heavy burdens from which Emerson was fortunately free. But the same insight which recognized Carlyle's genius comprehended his afflictions, and from the outset of their acquaintance the trusty friend strove earnestly to lighten his trials. The third letter of Carlyle contained the distressing news of the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of his history of "The French Revolution," through the carelessness of a friend: "The saddest, I think, of the kind called accidents I ever had to front." He bore the calamity nobly, yet occasional moans were not to be suppressed:

"For about a month I have gone to and fro utterly *idle*; understand that, and I need explain no more. The wearied machine refused to be urged any farther; after long spasmodic struggling comes collapse. The burning of that wretched manuscript has really been a sore business for me. Nevertheless that too shall clear itself, and prove a *favor* of the Upper Powers."

From a pitying heart, Emerson exclaims in response:

"I could cry at the disaster that has befallen you in the loss of the book. \* \* \* Such mischance might well quicken one's curiosity to know what Oversight there is of us, and I greet you well upon your faith and the resolution issuing out of it. I trust ere this you have re-collected the entire creation out of the secret cells where, under the smiles of every Muse, it first took life. Believe, when you are weary, that you who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men do not write a line in vain. And whatever betide us in the inexorable future, what is better than to have awaked in many men the sweet sense of beauty, and to double the courage of virtue."

When the book was at last almost finished, the sick, worn and dejected author wrote:

"And now forty years of age; and extremely dyspeptical; a hopeless-looking man. Yet full of what I call a desperate hope! \* \* \* It is frightful what an impatience I have got for many kinds of fellow-creatures. Their jargon really hurts me like the

shrieking of inarticulate creatures that ought to articulate. \* \* \* "The Diamond Necklace" is to be printed also, in "Frazer;" inconceivable hawking that poor paper has had; till now Frazer takes it—for £50; not being able to get it for nothing. The "Mirabeau" was written at the passionate request of John Mill; and likewise for needful lucre. I think it is the first shilling of money I have ever earned by my craft these four years: where the money I have lived on has come from while I sat here scribbling gratis, amazes me to think; yet surely it has come (for I *am* still here), and Heaven only to thank for it."

"The French Revolution" actually at press, he wrote once more:

"You, I hope, can have little conception of the feeling with which I wrote the last word of it, one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming in! I did not cry, nor I did not pray; but I could have done both. \* \* \* there is a great blessing in a man's doing what he utterly can in the case he is in. Perhaps great quantities of dross are burnt out of me by this calculation I have had; perhaps I shall be far quieter and healthier of mind and body than I have ever been since boyhood. The world, though no man had ever less empire in it, seems to me a thing lying *under* my feet."

When at last the book reached Emerson, there went back to the author grand, inspiring words of approval. But more than these; Emerson caused the work to be reprinted in Boston at his own risk, and in the course of a year transmitted to the author £150 as the profits of the publication. It was the first money Carlyle received from the book, and his surprise and gratitude were equally boundless. He exclaims:

"Surely no man has such friends as I. We ought to say, May the Heavens give us thankful hearts! For, in truth, there are blessings which do, like sun-gleams in wild weather, make this rough life beautiful with rainbows here and there. \* \* \* My Wife says she received your American Bill of so many pounds sterling for the Revolution Book, with a 'pathetic feeling' which brought 'tears' to her eyes. From beyond the waters there is a hand held out; beyond the waters, too, live brothers. I would only the book were an epic, a Dante or undying thing, that New England might boast in after times of this feat of hers; and put stupid, poundless and penniless Old England to the blush about it! But after all, that is no matter; the feebler the well-meant Book is the more 'pathetic' is the whole transaction; and so we will go on, fuller than ever of 'desperate hope' (if you know what that is), with a feeling one would not give and could not get for several money-bags; and say or think, Long live true friends and Emersons."

For six or eight years, Emerson attended to the reproduction of Carlyle's works in the United States, supervising unweariedly the necessary details, and securing every dollar possible for the benefit of his friend. "All the Yankee in my constitution," he averred, was active in these dealings with booksellers, in which he bent himself "to multiply and divide like a lion." The letters covering this period give more or less space to accounts of

this special business. Carlyle meanwhile is ever in a mournful plight, presenting unavoidably a heart-rending figure.

"The ground of my existence is black as Death; too black, when all void, too; but at times there paint themselves on 't pictures of gold and rainbows and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. \* \* \* In these four years, so full of pain and toil, I seem to have lived four decades. \* \* \* Ah me! I feel as if grown old. \* \* \* And yet perhaps I am not old, only wearied, and there is a stroke or two of work in me yet. \* \* \* Poverty and Youth may do; Poverty and Age go badly together. \* \* \* Ah me! often when I think of the matter, how my one sole wish is to be left to hold my tongue, and by what bayonets of necessity clapt to my back I am driven into that lecture-room, and in what mood, and ordered to speak or die, I feel as if my only utterance should be a flood of tears and blubbing."

Nevertheless, his letters are by no means made up of complaints, nor was he in any sense receiving without reciprocating. One of Emerson's earliest printed essays, was the "Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 31, 1837, on The American Scholar." This he sent to the beloved critic across the water, to whom, however, it was far from being the first testimonial of his capacity. With a noble enthusiasm, matching his own in a like circumstance, Carlyle hailed the production:

"My friend! You know not what you have done for me there. Out of the West comes a clear utterance, clearly recognizable as a *man's* voice, and I have a kinsman and a brother! God be thanked for it! I could have *wept* to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, 'There, woman!' She read and returned it, and charges me to return for answer, 'that there had been nothing met with like it since Schiller went silent.' My brave Emerson! May God grant you strength; for you have a *fearful* work to do! Fearful I call it; and yet it is great, and the greatest. O, for God's sake *keep yourself still quiet*? Do not hasten to write; you cannot be too slow about it, Give no ear to any man's praise or censure. Be steady, be quiet, be in no haste; and God speed you well."

And Emerson was gladdened by the tender appreciation in his turn. He feelingly answers:

"My dear friend, it is ten days' now—ten cold days—that your last letter has kept my heart warm, and I have not been able to write you before. I have just finished—Wednesday evening—a course of lectures which I ambitiously baptized 'Human Culture,' and read once a week to the curious in Boston. I could write nothing else the while, for weariness of the week's stated scribbling. Now I am free as a wood-bird, and can take up the pen without fretting or fear. Your letter should, and nearly did, make me jump for joy,—fine things about our poor speech at Cambridge,—fine things from CARLYLE. Scarcely could we maintain a decorous gravity on the occasion."

Thus the friends cheered and stimulated, advised and helped each other through the long term of their loving correspondence.

By the sale of his books in America, and the returns from lectures delivered in London, Carlyle's pecuniary circumstances grew gradually more comfortable. In June, 1839, he wrote in grateful acknowledgment of a remittance of £100 from Emerson:

"You may rejoice to think that, thanks to you and the books, and to Heaven over all, I am for the present no longer poor; but have a reasonable prospect of existing, which, as I calculate, is literally the *most* that money can do for a man. Not for these twelve years, never since I had a house to maintain with money, have I had as much money in my possession as even now."

And again in 1841:

"I feel it a great relief to see, for a year or two at least, the despicable bugbear of Beggary driven out of my sight."

There are innumerable temptations to quote from the letters high-hearted sentiments, vivid expressions, poetic and picturesque passages, philosophical reflections, hints of personal circumstances and revelations of the inmost springs of character. But amid such embarrassing wealth, how shall we choose? From Emerson the notable sayings: "I find my highest prayer granted in calling a just and wise man my friend," and "A new person is always to me a great event and will not let me sleep;" or these charming betrayals of parental affection:

"My boy is five months old, he is called Waldo—a lovely wonder that made the universe look friendlier to me. \* \* \* The day before yesterday my little boy was a year old,—no, the day before that,—and I cannot tell you what delight and what study I find in this little bud of God, which I heartily desire you also should see. \* \* \* I have a new reason why I should not come to England—a blessed babe, named Ellen, almost three weeks old,—a little, fair, soft lump of contented humanity, incessantly sleeping, and with an air of incurious security that says she has come to stay, has come to be loved, which has nothing mean, and quite piques me."

From Carlyle:

"A man must learn to digest praise too, and not be poisoned with it; some of it *is* wholesome to the system under certain circumstances; the most of it a healthy system will learn by and by to throw into the slop basin, harmlessly, without any *trial* to digest it. A thinker, I take it, in the long run finds that essentially he must ever be and continue *alone*;—*alone*; 'silent, rest over him the stars, and under him the graves.' \* \* \* Write as it is given you, and not till it be given you, and never mind a whit. \* \* \* Write you always as it is given you, be it in the solid, in the aeriform, or whatsoever way. There is no other rule given among men."

In the early part of 1842, a most solemn and affecting exchange of sympathy occurred between the great-souled men. In the midst of a business account to Carlyle, Emerson wrote:

"My dear friend, you should have had this letter and these messages by the last steamer: but when it sailed, my son, a perfect little boy of five years and three months, had ended his earthly life. You can

never sympathize with me: you can never know how much of me such a young child can take away. A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home every morning? From a perfect health and as happy a life and as happy influences as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days by Scarlatina. We have two babes yet—one girl of three years, and one girl of three months and a week, but a promise like that Boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative. I dare not fathom the Invisible and Untold to inquire what relation to my departed ones I yet sustain. Lidian, the poor Lidian, moans at home by day and by night. You, too, will grieve for us afar."

Carlyle made haste to reply:

"This is heavy news that you send me; the heaviest outward bereavement that can befall a man has overtaken you. Your calm tone of deep, quiet sorrow, coming in on the rear of poor trivial worldly businesses, all punctually despatched and recorded, too, as if the Higher and Highest had not been busy with you, tells me a sad tale. What can we say in these cases? There is nothing to be said—nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael, and every thinking heart, from of old have learned to say: God is great! He is terrible and stern; but we know also He is good. 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.' Your bright little boy, chief of your possessions here below, is rapt away from you; but of very truth he is with God, even as we that yet live are—and surely in the way that was best for him, and for you, and for all of us. Poor Lidian Emerson, poor mother! To her I have no word. Such poignant, unspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a mother bereft of her child. The poor sparrow in the bush affects one with pity, mourning for its young; how much more the human soul of one's friend! I cannot bid her be of comfort; for there is as yet no comfort. May good influences watch over her, bring her some assuagement. As the Hebrew David said: 'We shall go to him, he will not return to us.'"

As the first volume of Emerson's Essays was republishing in London, Carlyle's comments upon it exhibited the plain speaking which the friends were used to giving and taking:

"I have to object to you still (what you will call objecting against the Law of Nature) that we find you a speaker indeed, but as it were a soliquizer on the eternal mountain-tops only, in vast solitudes where men and their affairs lie all hushed in a very dim remoteness; and only *the man* and the stars and the earth are visible,—whom, so fine a fellow seems he, we could perpetually punch into, and say, 'Why won't you come and help us then? We have terrible need of one man like you down among us! It is cold and vacant up there; nothing paintable but rainbows and emotions: come down, and you shall do life-pictures, passions, facts—which transcend all thought, and leave it stuttering and stammering!'—To which he answers that he won't, can't, and doesn't want to (as the cockneys have it); and so I leave him, and say, 'You Western gymnosophist! Well we can afford one man for that too. But—!'—By the by, I ought to say, the sentences are very *brief*, and did not, in my sheet reading, always entirely cohere for



me. Pure genuine Saxon; strong and simple; of a clearness, of a beauty—But they did not, sometimes, rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck-shot* held together by canvas!"

To which Emerson modestly replies:

"I doubt not your stricture on the book as sometimes unconnected and inconsecutive is just. Your words are very gentle. I should describe it much more harshly. My knowledge of the defects of these things I write is all but sufficient to hinder me from writing at all."

Later, Emerson despatched a copy of his "Poems" to his sincere critic, with the message:

"Poor man, you need not open them. I know all you can say. I printed them, not because I was deceived into a belief that they were poems, but because of the softness or hardness of heart of many friends here who have made it a point to have them circulated."

And the critic replies:

"I read your Book of Poems all faithfully—and can say, in spite of my hardheartedness, I did gain, though under impediments, a real satisfaction and some tone of the Eternal Melodies sounding, afar off, ever and anon, in my ear. \* \* \* But indeed you are very perverse, and through this perplexed undiaphanous element, you do not fall on me like radiant summer rainbows, like floods of sunlight, but with thin, piercing radiances which affect me like the light of the stars. It is so; I wish you would become *concrete*, and write in prose the straightest way; but under any form I must put up with you; that is my lot."

During Emerson's visit to England in 1847 the friends learned to know and love each other even better than before. Among the notes in Emerson's journal set down at the time, are these:

"C. and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging, and, in her bookcase, all his books are inscribed to her, as they came from year to year, each with some significant lines. \* \* \* Carlyle has a hairy strength which makes his literary vocation a mere chance, and what seems very contemptible to him. I could think only of an enormous trip-hammer with an Æolian attachment. \* \* \* In Carlyle, as in Byron, one is more struck with the rhetoric than with the matter. He has mainly superiority rather than intellectuality, and so makes good hard hits all the time. There is more character than intellect in every sentence, herein strongly resembling Samuel Johnson."

As years rolled on the letters became fewer. Both men were occupied with pressing duties, and age was leaving them less inclined to resume the pen in leisure moments. In answer to a gentle complaint of his silence, Carlyle wrote in 1850.

"Nay, I have not at any time forgotten you, be that justice done the unfortunate; and though I see well enough what a great deep cleft divides us, in our ways of practically looking at this world,—I see also (as probably you do yourself), where the rock-strata, miles deep, unite again; and the two poor souls are at one."

Emerson being called on in turn to defend his silence, writes:

"You must always thank me for silence, be it never so long, and must put on it the most generous interpretations. For I am too sure of your genius and goodness, and too glad that they shine steadily for all, to importune you to make assurance sure by a private beam very often. There is very little in this village to be said to you, and, with all my love of your letters, I think it the kind part to defend you from our imbecilities,—my own, and other men's."

Again Carlyle plaintively states:

"I was delighted at the sight of your handwriting again. My manifold sins against you, involuntary all of them I may well say, are often enough present to my sad thoughts, and a kind of remorse is mixed with the other sorrow,—as if I could have *helped* growing to be, by aid of time and destiny, the grim Ishmaelite I am, and so shocking your serenity by my ferocities! I admit that you were like an angel to me, and absorbed in the beautiful manner all thunder-clouds into the depths of your immeasurable æther; and it is indubitable I love you very well, and have long done, and mean to do. And on the whole you will have to rally yourself into some kind of Correspondence with me again; I believe you will find that also to be a commanded duty by and by! To me at any rate, I can say, it is a great want, and adds perceptibly to the sternness of these years; deep as is my dissent from your gymnosophist view of Heaven and Earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents."

And still again:

"You shall not know all the sad reflections I have made upon your silence within the last year. I never doubted your fidelity of heart; your genial, deep and friendly recognition of my bits of merits, and my bits of sufferings, difficulties and obstructions; your forgiveness of my faults; or, in fact, that you would ever forget me or cease to think kindly of me. But it seemed as if, practically, *old age* had come upon the scene here, too, and as if, upon the whole, one must make up one's mind to know that all this, likewise, had fallen silent, and could be preserved henceforth only on those new terms. Alas! there goes much over year after year into the region of the immortals—inexpressibly beautiful, but also inexpressibly sad! I have not many voices to commune with in the world."

To such piteous entreaties, Emerson makes reply:

"But what had I, dear wise man, to tell you? What but that life was still tolerable, still absurdly sweet, still promising, promising to credulous idleness; but step of mine taken in a true direction, or clear solution of any the least secret,—none whatever. Ah! my brave giant, you can never understand the silence and forbearances of such as are not giants. To those to whom we owe affection let us be dumb until we are strong, though we should never be strong. I hate mumped and measles lovers. I hate cramp in all men, most in myself."

Brilliant, inspiring, loving and lovely things continue to enrich the letters to the very last, though they create a feeling of melancholy, ever more profound as we approach the end. Emerson maintains his calm and high equipoise of mind, which nothing can disturb, while Carlyle suffers himself more and more to be rent and torn by passionate

emotions. But Emerson teaches us how and why to judge his friend gently :

"You hug yourself on missing the illusion of children, and must be pitted as having one glittering toy the less. I am a victim all my days to certain graces of form and behavior, and can never come into equilibrium. Now I am fooled by our young people, and grow old contented. The heedless children suddenly take the keenest hold on life, and foolish papas cling to the world on their account as never on their own."

Carlyle had no child to renew his youth, to keep his heart fresh and rid it of the blight of bitterness. At the death of his wife, the pitiful words were too literally true :

"By the calamity of April last, I lost my little all in this world, and have no soul left who can make any corner of this world into a home for me any more. \* \* \* I should be among the dumbest and stupidest, if I were not among the saddest of all men."

After the final meeting of the friends, on Emerson's third trip to Europe in 1872, no letters passed between them. They were then old men—Carlyle 77 and Emerson 70. "Writing had become difficult to them; they were secure in each other's affection." By death they were not long divided—Carlyle passing away Feb. 5, 1881, and Emerson April 27, 1882.

A word of praise is due Prof. Charles Eliot Norton for the delicacy and tact with which he has fulfilled his duty in editing the Correspondence. Nowhere has he obtruded himself, yet the task of furnishing explanatory notes and indexes has been perfectly performed. Portraits of Carlyle and Emerson accompany the Correspondence, which, it is to be said in conclusion, is unparalleled in the whole range of epistolary writing.

#### MCMASTER'S HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

The initial volume of Mr. McMaster's History of the People of the United States, from 1784 to 1861, is a lively and entertaining narrative. The reader will not go to sleep over it; and, if he be somewhat familiar with that portion of American history, will the better appreciate the diligence with which the author has pored over musty pamphlets and ransacked odd nooks and corners for material to illustrate his subject.

The first chapter, of one hundred pages, on the social condition, customs, and everyday life of the American people in 1784, is the most entertaining portion of the volume.

\* A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR. By John Bach McMaster. In five volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is a sort of information which has usually been regarded as beneath the dignity of history. The characteristics of the people of New England, the Middle States, and the Southern States, are treated separately; and their houses, manners, food, dress, amusements, education, reading, newspapers, post-offices, stage-coaches, and prisons, are sketched with a free hand, and in the main correctly. The exceptions are a few instances where matters have been touched upon which pertain to an earlier period than the one which the author has specially studied; and he has omitted topics which he might well have supplied. In speaking of the books and authorship of that period, he might have noted the difficulties which attended the publication of books when there were no publishers to assume the expense, risk and labor of the enterprise. The author then personally, or through his friends, bought his paper, paid his printer and binder, and sold his book by subscription, or as best he could. The "Belknap and Hazard Correspondence" covers this period, and reveals the difficulties under which they labored in bringing out their excellent books—Belknap his "History of New Hampshire," and Hazard his "Historical Collections." Both sold their books by personal solicitation, and were nearly ruined financially by their literary ventures. Hazard's work, of which the subscription price was eight dollars, now readily brings forty dollars. It is amazing how, under such embarrassing conditions, so many books were printed in the American colonies; and yet Mr. McMaster thinks there were no works of merit, or enough merit to speak of, produced in this country until a race of men were born, after 1784, who were giants. "No American writer," he says, "had yet appeared whose compositions possessed more than an ephemeral interest." If he will try to make a collection of American books printed before 1784, the drain upon his purse will assure him that there are books of permanent interest which bear American imprints running back through a previous century and a half, and which none but millionaires can handle. Again, he says: "The men whose writings now form our national literature belong, without exception, to the generation which followed the Revolution." It was a curious freak in heredity that a race of giants should have sprung so suddenly from a race of pigmies! Mr. McMaster shows his unfamiliarity with early American books in making such a statement. He says: "It may, at first sight, seem strange that after so many years of intellectual weakness, of feeble tottering, and of blind gropings, there should suddenly have

appeared so great a crowd of poets and novelists, historians and essayists." It would, indeed, be strange; but nothing of the kind happened. The poets and novelists, historians and essayists, such as we have had in these latter days, are not special providences, or evidences of superior intellectual strength; nor would the absence of them indicate "feeble tottering" or "blind gropings" in the race. Not to speak of the sturdy men who settled New England, and the first two generations of their descendants, Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and the men who carried through the Revolution, were all outside the golden age of which Mr. McMaster speaks; and yet "intellectual weakness, feeble totterings, and blind gropings" can hardly be said to describe their personal characteristics. When one century, two, or two and a half centuries, have passed over the poets and novelists, historians and essayists, born since 1784, whose writings Mr. McMaster thinks constitute our national literature, it will then appear whether their record will stand out in brighter lines on the literary and historical record of the country than that of worthies who preceded them.

Mr. McMaster gives a similar pessimistic view of the fine arts before the year 1825. He says: "Low as was the state of letters, that of the fine arts was lower still; they were wholly neglected. \* \* \* The first quarter of the present century passed away before a single painting or a single piece of statuary was produced which will, one hundred and fifty years from now, be examined by our descendants with pride." The patronage of art was then indeed limited, and the good painters were few; but it is absurd to say that art was wholly neglected. Considering the poverty of the country, it is rather remarkable that there was then so much taste for art, and that painters of such great merit then lived. How many painters have we now in the United States who outrank Gilbert Stuart and John Singleton Copley? Their pictures have been steadily growing in estimation, and are valued at twenty times the prices the artists received for them. Trumbull and West both obtained a European reputation, and their pictures are likely to hold their own. How about Washington Allston, who was forty-six years old, and had painted many of his best pictures before 1825? His "Dead Man Revived" was painted in 1814, and his "Diana" was exhibited in the British Gallery the same year. His "Rebecca at the Well" was painted, and his "Morning in Italy" was exhibited, in 1816.

From that date his pictures were constantly on exhibition in the Royal Academy, and their value has been steadily rising. If Mr. McMaster will try to buy a few Allstons he will see the application of this remark; or if he will repeat the statement above quoted in an old Boston mansion, on whose walls hang ancestral Allston pictures, he will perhaps enjoy the look of frozen contempt depicted in the face of each member of the household. He says that Peale in 1784 was six years old. This is true of the younger Peale; but it was the father, Charles Wilson Peale, born in 1741, who painted the well-known portraits of Washington and other generals of the Revolution, which our descendants, in A.D. 2033, will be glad to look upon, will examine with pride, and wonder that so much good work was done in such dark days.

Mr. McMaster's style is simple, direct, and always pleasing. It is wholly free from the stilted mannerisms and feeble platitudes of Mr. Bancroft. It is fairly indicated in the following extracts:

"His [the North American Indian's] life was one long struggle for food, which depended not on the fertility of the soil, or the abundance of the crops, but on the skill with which he used the bow; on the courage with which he fought single-handed the largest and fiercest of beasts; on the quickness with which he tracked, and the cunning with which he outwitted, the most timid and keen-scented of creatures. His knowledge of the habits of animals surpassed that of Audubon. The shrewd devices with which he snared them would have elicited the applause of Ulysses; the clearness of his vision excelled that of the oldest sailor; the sharpness of his hearing was not equaled by that of the deer. \* \* \* But when the chase was over, when the war was done, and the peace-pipe smoked out, he abandoned himself to debauchery and idleness. To sleep all day in a wigwam of painted skins, filthy and blackened with smoke, adorned with scalps, and hung with tomahawks and arrows; to dance in the shine of the new moon to music made from the skin of snakes; to tell stories of witches and evil spirits; to gamble, to jest, to boast of his achievements in war, and to sit with solemn gravity at the councils of his chief, constituted his most serious employment."

He had spoken of the political writings of Thomas Paine, and how much they had contributed to the success of the Revolution. He then speaks of the man as follows:

"The contrast between the man and his work was indeed great. Of all the human kind, he was the filthiest and the nastiest, and his disgusting habits grew upon him with his years. In his old age, when the frugal gifts of two States which remembered his good work had placed him beyond immediate want, he became a sight to behold. It was rare that he was sober; it was rarer that he washed himself; and he suffered his nails to grow, till, in the language of one who knew him well, they resembled the claws of birds. What gratitude was, he did not know. For his word he had scarcely more regard than for his oath, and his oath he had repeatedly violated when he held offices of trust. To contempt and shame, even when heaped upon him in the most public way,

ae was utterly callous, and still continued to toil on unrewarded in the cause of those who had insulted him."

It is evident that Mr. McMaster, in his literary training, has modelled his style on that of Macaulay, though he has by no means attained his master's magic felicity in expression or in the construction of sentences. His introduction, perhaps unconsciously, follows the method of Macaulay's introduction. "I purpose," says Macaulay, in his opening sentence, "to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to the time which is within the memory of men still living." "The subject of my narrative," says Mr. McMaster, "is the history of the people of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States." "I shall" do this, "I shall" do that, says each of them. Then the form changes: "Nor will it be less my duty," says Macaulay; "Nor shall it be less my aim," says Mr. McMaster. The subject of the chapter on "The State of America in 1784" was doubtless suggested—and is none the worse for that—by Macaulay's chapter on "The State of England in 1685," in which the same class of topics is treated. If Mr. McMaster had followed Macaulay's plan still more closely, and given in a preliminary chapter a brief and impartial *resumé* of American history up to 1784, it would have made his work the more attractive. It is evident, however, that with his present knowledge of the earlier period it would not have been an easy chapter for him to write. It is well, therefore, that he left it out, and began at the period with which he is familiar.

The first volume carries the narrative to 1790, a period of only seven years, but very important years. During that time the old Confederation of States proved itself to be a rope of sand; the Constitution was formed and ratified by the States, and the first administration of the government under Washington was inaugurated. The dreadful financial distress, the business prostration and the State quarrels and jealousies which followed the war, are told with thrilling interest in their pages. That order and stability ever came out of such adversity and confusion seems to be a miracle. The story of the formation and ratification of the Constitution is told as fully as one cares to follow the subject, unless he takes it in the form of the "Madison Papers" and "Elliot's Debates."

We look in vain for a satisfactory account of the origin and adoption of the Ordinance of 1787, which exerted such a benign influence over the Northwestern Territory until it

came into the Union as States. The subject is feebly and erroneously dispatched in half a page—while, in another place, two pages are given to the exploits of a young divinity student, one Mason Weems, who went over to England to take holy orders in the Episcopal Church, and found difficulty in finding a bishop who would ordain him. Ample justice, however, is done, for the first time in any professed history of the United States, to Dr. Manasseh Cutler, and his negotiations with Congress in the purchase of land for the Ohio Company, which company made, in 1788, the first English settlement in what are now the Northwestern States. It was during these negotiations, and as a part of the same transaction, that the Ordinance of 1787 was adopted, and the author did not see the connection between them.

It is easy, in a volume containing so many details, to find flaws and lapses, and it is easier to speak of them than of positive merits, which in this volume are many. We have read it with genuine pleasure and relish, regarding it as the most entertaining and satisfactory account yet written of that portion of United States history. We shall look with interest for the future volumes.

W. F. POOLE.

#### THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.\*

The Science of Politics is a strange phrase, and, at least in America, would generally be regarded as a misnomer. We all know that there is an art—a desperate and unscrupulous art—of politics; and a science—a great and noble science—of government; but the idea that political movements are governed by scientific principles excites a sensation of surprise. A science is defined specifically as knowledge duly arranged and referred to general truths and principles on which it is founded and from which it is derived; a branch of learning considered as having a certain completeness; knowledge philosophical, profound, complete, true. What is there in American politics that falls within this definition? From the original struggle for power between the Federalists and the Republicans, down through the conflicts of parties over the tariff, internal improvements, the acquisition of territory, banks and currency, and other questions, to the last presidential contest, there have been great and imposing displays of patriotism, ability, zeal,

\*THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS. By Sheldon Amos, M.A. Author of "The Science of Law," etc.; late Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



and kindred qualities; but he who remembers the leading characteristics of political campaigns, and the determining influences and methods that finally decided them, will be inclined to ask for some evidence that politics in this country have advanced from the chaotic stage to that in which there is "knowledge duly arranged and referred to general truths and principles on which it is founded and from which it is derived."

Under the title of "The Science of Politics," Professor Amos treats in consecutive chapters of "Nature and Limits of the Science of Politics," "Political Terms," "Political Reasoning," "The Geographical Area of Modern Politics," "The Primary Elements of Political Life and Action," "Constitutions," "Local Government," "The Government of Dependencies," "Foreign Relations," "The Province of Government," "Revolutions in States," and "Right and Wrong in Politics." Most of these topics obviously belong to what Americans would call the science of government, rather than the domain of what they term politics. The prime distinction between the two is that the science of government includes the whole body of the principles of constitutional law and general jurisprudence which underlie our political institutions, and a knowledge of the application of those principles to practical affairs, and the mode of operation and results of such application; while politics is the term employed to describe the action of organized political forces in support of particular men and measures. From a practical point of view, the science of politics is simply a science of war—of the strategy and force by which resistance can be overcome and a victory gained. But regarding the subject from the author's ground, we find he has given us a volume of suggestions toward and facts introductory to a future science of politics, rather than a formulation of a system of political principles and rules of conduct deduced in a logical order from a long and varied experience. And yet the volume deserves high praise. It is written in a clear and pleasing style, and presents a large amount of valuable information. It may be said, indeed, without injustice to the great names that have become the landmarks of political progress, to mark a new era, in which science essays the conquest and permanent control of a new field—the field of practical politics.

The true beginning of the science of politics is a knowledge and comprehension of the fact that every community, large or small, is an organic *one*—an aggregate human being—"a grand man," governed by laws similar to those which apply to individuals. There

is, hence, a physiology of the body politic. That body, as well as the human frame, has health to be promoted and diseases to be cured. A community as a whole may be intelligent or ignorant, industrious or idle, economical or extravagant, virtuous or vicious. The true science of politics is the science of the common weal, whence comes the idea of the common-wealth, in which the fundamental doctrine is, "The highest good of each is the common good of all." The community, acting as a whole, has the right to establish rules and regulations for the conduct of individual members, and to compel obedience. The common sense and common conscience of the community determine for practical purposes merely, and not further or otherwise, what is right and what is wrong in civil affairs. The interests of home and business are so powerful that it is hardly possible that any community shall exist in a civilized state, of which a majority shall not be at heart in favor of industry, virtue, and good government. But it is the devil's own art of "practical politics," to divide good citizens into two nearly equal parties, contending about some idea, or the extent to which some principle should be carried, or the manner in which some power should be extended, so that "the dangerous classes," holding the balance of power, may really control the public service and fatten upon its spoil. Professor Amos's work will help to open the eyes of the blind, and to hasten the day when in politics those who think alike will act together to secure the practical results of good government, without regard to differences of opinion about theories, abstractions, or even realities of secondary importance. A true Science of Politics, diligently studied and applied, would be in a very high degree promotive of the public good, but such a science cannot be evolved from political action, unless that action be comparatively free. Physical liberty was long ago secured. What is now demanded is deliverance from party bondage, and an advance to a practical freedom of action in political affairs. That is the new independence, and it is coming.

C. C. BONNEY.

#### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.\*

The life of William Cullen Bryant was a long one, and demands a long biography. The strong personal interest that attaches to his early years continues to the very end of

\* A BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. By Parke Godwin. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

his illustrious career. To have an adequate appreciation of his remarkable genius and the great qualities of his character, one must regard him in the capacity of poet, scholar, journalist, citizen; must follow him in his intercourse with nature and his fellow men; must see him in the conflicts of political controversy, in his relations with humane, educational, artistic, and religious institutions, in his studies, public labors, and the seclusion of his home. No brief account could compass a life as protracted, widely related, influential, and benignly productive as his; nor would the most elaborate and critical delineation of the earlier portions of it be sufficient to portray its symmetry and fulness. Mr. Godwin's work is none too long for a satisfactory portraiture, and we regret that we have not the space at our command for an adequate synopsis of it. It opens with the fragment of the poet's autobiography, begun when he was eighty years old, and written with a charming simplicity and modesty; and it is much to be regretted that this narrative was not continued. But Bryant was not the man to write about himself, and it is no wonder to those who knew him best that he discontinued his undertaking. Mr. Godwin does not lack materials for the task before him, nor good judgment in the use of them, and it does not appear that a consciousness of his intimate connection with the family of the poet tends to warp his views, though eulogistic expression is carefully restrained. The story of Bryant's early life under wholesome parental influences, on the farm and at school, his passion for nature and for books, his poetic tendencies and performances, and his religious disposition and views, is admirably told, and we are led on by lucid and graphic accounts of his ten years' experience as a country lawyer, his removal to New York and connection with the "Review" and "Gazette," his editorial association with the "Evening Post," his journeyings abroad, his political philosophy, his attitude on national questions, his literary intimacies and poetical contributions, the testimonials in his honor, his public services and domestic life, and his last days and death, through the different stages of his great career. Fault may be found because there is no critical discussion of the influence of his poetry upon distinguished writers who were by a few years his juniors; but while such a chapter would be valuable, we do not regard it as essential for the requirements of the work.

Bryant was a poet—the greatest, we believe, when estimated by the justest stand-

ards, that our country has produced; but he was at the same time (though never occupying an office higher than justice of the peace) a statesman of comprehensive range and penetrating insight, and his character was an embodiment of exalted virtue. Above all things, he aimed at moral excellence. From a child he set before himself the loftiest models, and to use life for the best ends was a purpose from which he never intentionally swerved. It is not claimed that he was without faults. No man was more conscious of his defects than he. He confesses that

"Wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul."

But this very hotness of temper was allied to his passion for justice and truth. Time mellowed him, and his advancing years were marked more and more by a beautiful poise and tranquillity of soul. And yet the moral symmetry of his venerable age was the natural maturity of a character that in youth was so full of promise, and which was educated in virtue by the severest discipline. It was his love of truth, his belief in goodness, his profound conscientiousness, his invincible courage, his deep and tender sympathy with humanity, that, with his extraordinary intellectual gifts and attainments, made him the powerful force he was in the arena of a true statesmanship. Such a man would inevitably be the uncompromising champion of human rights, and would bring to the vindication and enforcement of political doctrine the best service of heart and brain. Without an acquaintance with Mr. Bryant's public and private life, readers of his poetry fail to apprehend some of the elements that were vital in its production. His character was as beautiful as his song, and his tender, pure, inspiring, consoling strains could not have come from a nature less clean and exalted and benevolent than his own. He put his body under wholesome restraint. He used his time with the most scrupulous economy. He cultivated a devout habit by contact with the works and word of God. He was rigid and unsparing in the judgment of himself before the bar of a sensitive and enlightened conscience. A profound sincerity pervaded his ordinary occupations, and is the key to much that makes his writings so benignly impressive.

That a difficulty in treating satisfactorily a life that occupied two quite dissimilar spheres, like Mr. Bryant's, would be experienced, is easily seen; and yet we think the plan pursued by Mr. Godwin is the right one. The interesting letters and facts gathered from many authentic sources tell their own

story, and the narrative flows on with a directness and dignity in harmony with the great character that is delineated. The two volumes abound in fresh and entertaining matter, and though the life of Bryant was without the exciting and romantic incidents that to some are the chief attractions of a biography, the thoughtful reader of patriotic impulses, who loves virtue as well as literature, will find his interest kept up to the end. In going through the volumes, one cannot but wonder that from a life whose longest portion was so wearied with incessant toil and even drudgery, and often so embroiled in political controversy, could emanate the exquisite and noble poetry that seems to need for its production abundant leisure, intellectual freshness, and a mood of cheerful serenity. It has long been known that when Bryant left his editorial desk he shut the door absolutely on all that pertained to that part of his vocation, and stepped into an atmosphere that was sweet with scholastic repose and the breath of the Muse. But how he could do it is the marvel. Certainly none but a rarely gifted and sternly trained nature could accomplish such a transition. Once at beautiful Cedarmer, he was in a charmed spot, and into his open soul flowed all that was delightful in the congenial companionship of nature and his best of friends. No scholar was ever more discreetly and lovingly guarded in his home than Mr. Bryant. His wife was all that a poet's wife should be, and he bore the poignant sorrow of her death to the grave.

However much some writers of current literary opinion may slight the poetical genius of Bryant in their adulation of other authors, there is no danger that any name that is so far known in American letters will outrank his own. When everything is considered that makes poetry a solace, an inspiration, and a beneficent power in ennobling and fortifying human life, it will be found that his possesses indestructible elements, and will always appeal to what is deepest and best in sincere souls. His "Thanatopsis" opened a new epoch in our literature, and he was the first poet in the land to reconcile a passionate love of nature with the devotion of the Christian faith. It is needless to dwell here upon his marvellous interpretations of nature. This none dare dispute. He who accuses him of commonplace or frigidity betrays the insipidity of his judgment and the shallowness of his sensibilities. The gracefulness, clearness, sententious force, the sweetness and sublimity, that characterized the productions of his prime, are features of his latest work. He lost none of his

intellectual vigor in old age. "The Flood of Years" at eighty-two is one of the prodigies of his genius as much as his "Thanatopsis" at eighteen. To the serious student his last years are as attractive, as rich in all that makes a personality admirable, as his early ones, and we think far more so.

Of all his literary friendships, that with the poet Dana was the closest and longest, covering a period of more than sixty years. It is pleasant to note the exalted esteem in which he was held by his distinguished contemporaries, and in the narrative the names of the Sedgwick, Cole, Morse, Verplanck, Sands, Leggett, Irving, Halleck, Cooper, Rev. Dr. Dewey, Cobden, Rogers, Dickens, Bancroft, Longfellow, Holmes, Lincoln, Chase, and many others, frequently appear in agreeable and honorable relations.

Poorly paid authors may perhaps find some consolation in reading that for "March," "The Rivulet," "Monument Mountain," "The Autumn Woods," "The Song of the Stars," "After a Tempest," "A Forest Hymn," and other poems of rare excellence, Bryant named the sum of two dollars apiece as a fair compensation, and that the profits of his first volume were fifteen dollars, minus eight cents.

Bryant's opposition to slavery was shown in his earliest public addresses while a young lawyer in Great Barrington. It is true that afterwards, when editor of the "Post," he did not think that the measures of the violent abolitionists were best for the good cause, and did not act with them; but with human freedom he had the deepest sympathy, and whoever will study the account of his conduct of the "Evening Post" before the war in relation to this subject, will see how rational, conscientious and efficient his services were in contributing to the work of final emancipation. Mr. Bryant's brothers were also decided and outspoken anti-slavery men, and one of the noblest hymns of freedom in American literature is "A Little Cloud," from the pen of John Howard Bryant, the last survivor of this extraordinary family.

We notice that by some inadvertence the "Chicago Literary Club," which celebrated so cordially Bryant's eightieth birthday, is called the "Bryant Literary Club."

There are reasons, and good ones, why the name of the learned and catholic-minded Dr. Osgood, who was the poet's pastor for some fifteen years, should have much greater prominence in this work than is given it. To no man was Mr. Bryant so much indebted for the well-earned and expressive public testimonials in his honor as to Samuel Osgood, whose zeal for his friend was as unselfish as

it was discriminating. The Rev. Dr. Osgood should have participated in the funeral services of his old parishioner, and would have done so if the wishes of Miss Julia S. Bryant had not in some way been misunderstood.

We confess that we are surprised, also, to find no reference to a person whose association with Mr. Bryant was peculiarly interesting and intimate—we mean Mr. George B. Cline, who for twenty-one years was the manager of the poet's estate at Roslyn, the companion of his walks, his trusted and faithful overseer, whose service was one of reverence and love, and who is identified with much that made Cedarmere attractive and delightful to its owner. With these exceptions there is almost everything to commend in this thorough, scholarly, and valuable work. We thank Mr. Godwin especially for his just and able treatment of Mr. Bryant's journalistic career, and for the strong light that he throws on the experiences out of which was born some of his noblest verse. A great character and beautiful genius are portrayed in these volumes, and those who learn most of the man will appreciate best the glorious service that he rendered his country and mankind.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MATHILDE BLIND has produced an excellent biography of "George Eliot" (Roberts Brothers). Its scope is bounded by the limits of the series of "Famous Women," of which it is the initial number; yet it is sufficiently extended to satisfy the requirements of the great mass of readers. The more minute and complete life which has been promised, but delayed by circumstances, will be warmly welcomed. Nevertheless, the skilful compression distinguishing Miss Blind's work is the golden quality in writings of every sort at the present day. The present work is executed in a large and vigorous style. The author meets the demands of her subject with unpretending and unfailing ability. She has gleaned carefully from all available resources, visiting the scenes of George Eliot's early life, conversing with her brother, Mr. Isaac Evans, and the surviving neighbors and friends who knew the novelist in her youth, and searching among all published materials for facts unquestionably authenticated referring to her career. By these processes of seeking and sifting, a history of the great writer is presented which may be accepted as trustworthy and as reasonably comprehensive in all respects. Miss Blind is the first to state correctly the date and place of George Eliot's birth, viz: November 23, 1819, at South Town, a mile from Griff, in the parish of Colton, in Warwickshire. Her father, Robert Evans, of Welsh origin, began life as a carpenter, but by uncommon intelligence, integrity,

and industry, rose to the position of a forester and then of a land-agent. According to Miss Blind, his character and career are partially depicted in Adam Bede, Caleb Garth, and Mr. Hackit. The mother of George Eliot—the second wife of Mr. Evans—died when her daughter was about fifteen. It is supposed that a faithful likeness of her was drawn in the character of Mrs. Hackit, in "Amos Barton;" but beyond this, little is known of her actual traits and manners. Until the death of her father, in 1849, George Eliot dwelt alone with him, his companion and his housekeeper. She had been very thoroughly trained at school, and continued to pursue serious studies along with the duties of her household. She had reached the mature age of thirty, when the loss of her father interrupted the quiet course of her life, and two years later she accepted the invitation of Dr. John Chapman to make her home with his family in London and assist him in editing the "Westminster Review." She had already accomplished the difficult task of translating Strauss' "Life of Christ," and got well into the translation of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." At the house of Dr. Chapman, she was introduced to a brilliant circle of literary men and women, among whom were Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, James and Harriet Martineau, George Combe, and others. With them she obtained immediate distinction for her remarkable powers of thought and expression. In 1854 she decided to share the life of Mr. Lewes, who, now aged 37, was two years her senior and legally united to another woman who had borne him three children. To George Eliot he was thenceforward, as her biographer states, more than a husband, he was a very mother to her, "tenderly watching over her delicate health, cheering the grave tenor of her thoughts by his inexhaustible buoyancy, jealously shielding her from every adverse breath of criticism," and creating a spiritual atmosphere most favorable to the nurture of her genius. She in her turn was a devoted wife to him and mother to his children, one of whom, doomed to death in his young manhood, she lovingly tended during his long fatal illness. The circumstances of the production of the successive works of George Eliot are related with agreeable fulness by Miss Blind, accompanied by able and interesting analyses of each novel and poem. Tom and Maggie Tulliver, in "The Mill on the Floss," are said to be veritable histories of the childhood of George Eliot and her brother Isaac, and the portrayal of Maggie's spiritual experiences a most truthful representation of her own. The incidents of the later life of the great novelist as given by Miss Blind, correspond with those universally current, and need not be repeated here. In the biography, they are stated with conciseness and precision, concluding a record possessing many claims to consideration.

It was Emerson's prime function to be a teacher of teachers and a poet for poets. His messages were never meant for those who run to read; to the small circle that first received them was left the task, as expounders, interpreters, apostles, of making them known to the outer world. An attempt, and on the



whole a very worthy one, to carry on this good work, is made by Mr. Joel Benton, in his study of "Emerson as a Poet" (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York). Mr. Benton's brief essay is sincere, thoughtful, and discriminating. He points out clearly why Emerson's poetry can never become popular, yet shows convincingly its elements of high and lasting value. Less comprehensive and less analytical than Mr. Stedman's fine essay in the April "Century," this work is, in a different way, perhaps as helpful and suggestive. Mr. Benton's style is usually terse and impressive, as befits his subject. Some of his sentences are well worth quoting. Of Emerson's remarkable condensation, he says: "He would miss nothing that is significant; he will crowd the universe into a nutshell, and make every line bear the burden that weaker writers bestow on a whole page. \* \* \* His life has gone into the making of a few volumes—not much more than half a dozen in all; but what wit, and strength, and beauty, and eloquence they uphold! What a supreme, audacious splendor!" Emerson himself says: "In reading prose, I am sensitive as soon as a sentence drags, but in poetry as soon as one word drags." Mr. Benton finds in his poetry "a constant relation to the breadth of some endless horizon. Each line is an arrow swept across or into the centre of the universe; and it is not a common divinity that has drawn the bow." Another quotation has a curious interest. Emerson's fine saying of poetry, that "it teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity," is said to be from "one of his earliest essays;" we think it is from the introduction to "Parnassus"—one of his latest essays. Still more curious is Mr. Benton's observation that Emerson's genius "shows a touch of *sturdy Berserker wrath*," which can scarcely fail to recall Carlyle's phrase, "*silent Berserker rage*," which he applied to Webster. Mr. Benton's little volume has several special features of interest—a thirty-line poem on "Fame," written by Emerson at the age of twenty-six, and not included in any edition of his works; a new portrait—one of the most pleasing and satisfying we have seen—made from a photograph owned by Theodore Parker, representing Emerson in his prime; and an appendix containing an "Emerson Concordance" reprinted from the "Literary World," and a list of periodical essays upon Emerson reprinted from THE DIAL. Of the exquisite printing of this book we must say that if it and the new Browning book of Dodd, Mead & Co. fairly represent the work of Mr. De Vinne, he stands in a class by himself, so far as we can see, among the printers of America.

THE lovers of Robert Browning will turn inquiringly to the volume of selections from his "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems," edited by Edward T. Mason, and published by Henry Holt & Co., to see what exhibition it makes of individual taste, and what aim it may have in the world of poetry. The first line in the preface announces that its object is to excite a wider interest in the works of the poet. This is an excellent purpose. No one can read

Browning without having his noblest sentiments stirred, and consequently a grateful enthusiasm evoked. By reading Browning is meant, of course, that thoughtful and intelligent perusal which will not fail to yield a conception of the beauty and grandeur of his genius. Not all his poems will convey this idea. Like every other author, Browning has written and published works which his readers can afford to miss. No man is always at his best, and Browning is accused of falling wilfully at times below his highest mark. But he has produced enough of the purest, clearest, loftiest verse to make his place secure among great poets, and to fill his admirers with lasting devotion. Looking into the present volume, to see how much it contains of what most truly represents him, we find, after the preface by the editor, which glances briefly at the characteristics of Browning, and the more extended criticism upon his works by E. C. Stedman, taken from the "Victorian Poets," twenty-six selections from Browning's poems: too few by half to compass the object of the publication. One might better take the volume of "Men and Women," without the help of preface or essay, but with its fifty typical poems, and study away at them until they are comprehended. They will lead to a liking for whatever else bears the name of Browning. There is not much fault to be found with the "Selections" chosen by Mr. Mason beyond that of their small number, and the singular scarcity among them of the love songs which rank with the most exquisite of the poet's lyrics. The editor states that he has made up his collection with special reference to the multitude, who enjoy clear and melodious poetry. How then could he help setting before them the "Song of the Mayne River," from "Paracelsus," which is as musical as Tennyson's "Song of The Brook," or that flawless, unnamed gem in Browning's last volume, which begins with "Such a starved bank of moss," or the unrivalled serenade from "A Blot in the Scutcheon," or the last little lyric in "Pippa Passes," or "The Flower's Name," or a score of other pieces, delicate and sweet in sentiment, and so smooth and clear in movement that the dullest apprehension must acknowledge their charm. Selections from Browning, to do him justice, should by all means include stanzas and verses from his longer poems, expressing the sublime truths which he is constantly affirming in impassioned and imposing language. It is these stimulating utterances which produce the profoundest effect in his poetry, and endear him most to his readers. We can pardon some obscurity and eccentricity in a writer who is perpetually holding up to us the highest ideals, who speaks to us in a voice, searching the depths of the soul and repeating over and over again the inspiring facts that "man was made to grow;" that "Truth is the strong thing; let man's life be true;" that "the aim, whether reached or not, makes great the life;" that we "must hold obstinately to our work," leaving the consequences as "God's concern;" that "the soul can never taste of death;" that "it is not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do;" and, that "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

ALMOST simultaneously with the publication of the "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems," there appears from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. a volume of "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning," with an Introduction by Richard Grant White. The issue of these two compilations, following so closely the complete edition of Browning's works from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., would seem to indicate a growing interest in the poet. And, indeed, there is little hazard in the prediction that as serious and cultivated readers multiply, the circle of Browning's admirers will enlarge. The experience of Mr. Richard Grant White, as related in his introduction, will no doubt be the experience of many others. Twenty-five years ago Mr. White asked, "Who and what is Browning?" out of an ignorance similar to that of the man who inquired "What are the Pericles?" The answer was found in the poetry of Browning, which, he says, fed a hungry need of his soul, as Shakespeare's poetry had done years before. And now, having given searching and discriminating study to the later writer, as he has to the earlier one, he pronounces him "the greatest dramatic poet since Shakespeare," that is to say, the greatest poet, "most excellent in what is the highest form of imaginative composition, because it is the most creative." Mr. White's critical and scholarly introduction is briefer than could be wished. The splendid analysis he gives of the poem of "Childe Roland" creates a strong desire to have a similar elucidation of other of Browning's noble compositions. Individual tastes will unavoidably differ from his in the estimate of various pieces, yet there is instruction as well as enjoyment in considering his preferences and the reasons upon which they are founded. These selections from the poetry of Browning, numbering forty-five, were chosen by a careful and commendable method. A half-dozen readers of Browning made separate lists of their favorites from the two volumes in which the author himself has brought together what he regards as his best works. A single list was then made from the separate ones, by taking the pieces which were unanimously preferred, and adding to them a few from Browning's later writings. This list was finally revised by Mr. White and accepted. It is idle to carp at a list made under such circumstances; still one cannot help wondering why the grand soliloquy of "Abt Vogler," which depicts so wonderfully the ecstasy of musical improvisation, should be left out, while "A Joccata of Galuppi" and "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha" are included. "Abt Vogler" is surely the greatest of the three masterly musical poems which Browning has written. Then, too, if extracts were admissible from "Pippa Passes," why not from the other dramas? But the collection is unexceptionable so far as it goes. It is published in two editions, one in popular form, and a limited edition of seventy copies, presenting handsome letter-press on heavy Japanese paper, with two imprints of an engraved portrait of Browning.

THE collection of short stories from the German of Karl Emil Franzos, translated by Mr. W. W. Mac-

dowall and published by D. Appleton & Co. under the title of "The Jews of Barnow," is doubtless intended as a memorial of a form of social life now rapidly disappearing. The erosive forces of modern civilization are fast stripping away peculiarities of race, and changing the Anglo-Saxon, the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, into the cosmopolitan. This powerful influence, which has reached alike the Indians of North America and the peasantry of Norway, is extending to the Jews of Poland; and it is the task chosen by Mr. Franzos, as it has been by Cooper and Björnson, to preserve in literature these strange and marked types, whose days are numbered. It is a dark scene from which the gifted Podolian author draws the curtain: a scene of dirt and narrowness, of the sale of women and cruelty to children, of gross ignorance and other results of centuries of social and political subjugation, of national pride and national misery, but from first to last a scene of fanaticism and superstition in one of their most dangerous disguises—the dress of an antiquated religion. The work has been translated into all European languages, and has everywhere raised the same question: Will the Jews maintain their existence as a race?—a question which has usually received one answer: Yes, so far as the race adapts itself to the requirements of civilization and progress. As there are in the work of Mr. Franzos individuals whom the degradation of ancestors and the barbarisms of education have not been able to suppress, who still are men and women, able to think and feel, so there undoubtedly are elements in the Jewish race worthy of preservation, while others perish. Still we may feel a touch of sympathy for these perishing victims of destiny; and Mr. Franzos has deserved the gratitude not only of his countrymen but of the entire reading world, for the kindliness, the evident truthfulness, and the high artistic powers, with which he describes a rapidly disappearing form of life. The American edition of his book has a very ably written preface by Mr. Barnes Phillips, who treats the Jewish question without prejudice, although with a certain affectation of learnedness which somewhat obscures his meaning.

THE name of Mary E. Blake is becoming familiar to American readers, in connection with both prose and poetical writings. It is now attached to a little volume of notes of a trip to the Pacific, entitled "On the Wing" (Lee & Shepard). The notes were originally published in the Boston "Journal" in 1882, and reproduced the author's first fresh impressions of the country bordering the great highways crossing the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As a member of one of the Raymond excursions, she enjoyed excellent facilities for seeing what is most noticeable along the route, while her native faculty for observation and description made her a bright and discriminating narrator of a tourist's experiences. Mrs. Blake writes with a sprightliness and fluency which have their charm, and yet after a time cloy with their uniform and unending flow. The style is almost too sweet and smooth. One longs for a change in its monotony—for the rea-

pite of a pungent and rugged sentence now and then. But in this criticism, injustice must not be done to the really graphic art by which an incident or a trait is sketched at a stroke. Of Chicago, she says: "You can fully believe anything of a place where porter-house steak costs only sixteen cents a pound; where strawberries come in March and go in November; where the horse-cars run without horses; where the people have an amount of spiritual elasticity which enables them to go to church Sunday morning and to the opera on Sunday night without destroying their usual poise; and where the world is so flat that it seems as if Dame Nature had mistaken the crust of the earth for pastry and rolled it with a rolling-pin." Our lax observance of Sunday seemed to impress this descendant of Puritan ancestors rather discouragingly. "If another conflagration had swept the place, like Sodom, from the face of the earth, it would have been to many minds among us only the just reward of its iniquities." Lest this might be too crushing, she soothingly adds: "Yet what right have we to raise our own standard of morals and make every one else doff his hat in passing? The foundations of religious belief ought to lie too deep for such passing winds to shake; and it would take much stronger proof to convince me that there are not as many saints in Chicago as in Boston."

If any one needed to be reminded of the importance of the leading families in our Revolutionary period, even in democratic New England, Mr. Muzzey's "Reminiscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution and their Families" (Estes & Lauriat) would afford all the proof necessary. Most of the early chapters are devoted to these families—Otis, Adams, Quincy, etc.—and an effort is made to place in a clear light their various characteristic qualities. The work contains many interesting reminiscences, and deserves notice as belonging to a class of books of real and permanent value. It is, however, swelled to undue proportions by much irrelevant matter, and especially by much that does not come properly under the head of personal reminiscences at all. For example, the last chapter, "Patriots of Southern and Middle States," is made up for the most part of facts which were not within the author's personal observation, but were derived from more general sources of information, accessible to all—a departure from the rule which should govern in the composition of books of this class. There is, however, enough of original material in the book to render it a welcome contribution to our historical literature. We will mention the chapter on "The Society of the Cincinnati" as an illustration of both the merits and the defects of the book—containing, as it does, very well arranged facts in relation to this hereditary order, but failing to give a clear and satisfactory account of its organization, character, and aims.

PROFESSOR W. W. GOODWIN has by his "Socrates," a translation of selections from the immortal writings of Plato, laid the English reading world under a debt of gratitude which can only be cancelled by

the widest possible circulation of the little volume now presented to the public by Scribner's Sons. Many scholars have sought to render into English the marvellous phraseology of the ancient philosopher, but none have so happily succeeded as this unknown writer who has touched the golden mean between literal rendering of the original and mere paraphrase of its thoughts. No better selection from the complete works of Plato could have been made for the purpose of illustrating the loftiest flight of Grecian speculation. Here we behold Socrates, in the "Apology," uttering the wonderful defence of the life-long argument for righteousness which insured his martyrdom; and in the "Phædo" we are permitted to listen to that almost divine monologue on immortality with which he so worthily crowned and concluded his spiritual teachings. Such a work as this deserves a place with the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Imitation of Christ," and the New Testament, among the sacred writings dear to every thoughtful soul.

DR. JOHN F. HURST, Bishop of the Methodist church, is the author of a valuable work, which has just been published by Scribner's Sons, entitled "Bibliotheca Theologica," and being a classified bibliography of theology and general religious literature. It is designed to give clergymen, theological students and teachers of Bible classes the best sources of information in all departments of religious knowledge. It is in no respect denominational in its scope, but covers the history and literature of every department of the Christian Church, as well as Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and other forms of religious belief. Beginning with the general study, it makes a minute and scientific classification of topics under exegetical, historical, systematic and practical theology, and under each special topic gives full titles of the best works in the best editions, with the imprints and number of pages. Indexes to authors and to subjects accompany the work.

THE "Recollections of Dean Stanley" (Scribners), consisting of three lectures delivered in Edinburgh last November by the present Dean of Westminster Abbey, is an affectionate and deserved tribute to a very dear friend. Dr. Bradley writes with a deep appreciation of his accomplished predecessor; and Dean Stanley's generous and chivalrous nature, his admirable attainments, his ardent friendships, his devoted and productive labors, his courage, nobility, and genius, are painted in colors that will be recognized as truthful by those most competent to judge, and we are sure that the volume will be welcome to a large circle in this country as well as in Europe. The narrative is warm, rapid, vigorous in expression, and vital with abundant facts. It is seldom that so much that is characteristic and delightful in portraiture is condensed into so limited a space.

THERE is a freshness in the style with which Dr. Irenæus P. Davis treats the hackneyed subject of "Hygiene for Girls" (D. Appleton & Co.), which commends his book quite as much as the instruction it contains. He has a tact for illustrating his



theme with interesting anecdotes, and presenting it in novel lights which make one forget that it is actual science he is demonstrating. The advice he conveys is thus made acceptable, and finds its way to the heart and the memory of the reader it is intended to affect. The book covers the ground of moral as well as physical health, touching all points with delicacy and yet with due emphasis. It is a gift which mothers would do well to place in the hands of their daughters, and then see that its injunctions are carefully followed.

THE author of "Fanchette," the latest number of the "Round Robin Series" (J. R. Osgood & Co.), has brought together the stereotyped figures we are accustomed to meet in the pages of the conventional novel. There is the brilliant but cynical journalist, the blighted man who laid the buds of hope in the grave of an early love, the villain who plots for the destruction of artless innocence, the lovely maidens endowed with celestial charms, the wealthy papas, the worldly mamas, the spoony lovers—none are wanting who are supposed to be adjuncts of elegant and fashionable circles in the realm of romance. These live and move and have their being in a highly idealized atmosphere quite apart from the common air of the vulgar world. The most ethereal of all is "Fanchette," a being of wondrous beauty and grace, with an enchanting mystery surrounding her birth, and the gifts and triumphs of a finished actress at the age of seventeen. It is all rosy and fanciful to the last degree, and will delight the sentimentalist who desires to get as far as possible from real life when following the flights of a novelist's imagination.

THREE stories by Henry James, Jr., "The Siege of London," "The Pension Beaurepas," and "The Point of View," are grouped together under the title of the first one, and published by James R. Osgood & Co. They are all clever, the first-named especially so, exhibiting at their best the brilliant literary traits of the author. In two of them, Mr. James indulges his characteristic fondness for satirizing his countrywomen by setting up ill-bred and vulgar types as their representatives. When he has outlived certain conceits and vagaries which interfere at present with the fine and true development of his capacities, we may look for a novel or novels from this gifted writer which will be an entire satisfaction to the readers who measure the high mark he might reach and are waiting for him to strike it.

THE "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome," by James C. Freeman (Roberts Brothers), consists of chapters from the author's journal, pictures of life in Rome in the time of the earlier pilgrims of art—of Reynolds, Flaxman, and West—and sketches of painters, models, and men of distinguished and eccentric genius, who have attracted the writer's attention during his long residence in the Eternal City. Mr. Freeman was one of the first American artists to seek inspiration in the galleries and studios of Rome, and having made his home in this centre of art for over forty years, speaks from an

intimate acquaintance on all subjects connected with its later history. His discourse is in a friendly gossiping strain, with a tendency to diffuseness.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES" is the latest number of the "No-Name" novels (Roberts Brothers). It aims to present a view of fashionable life in New York, but lacks verisimilitude. There is not force enough in the outlines to give the characters definiteness and substance, nor is there sufficient consistency in their action to induce belief in them as exponents of society. In brief, the work is crude, and has no merit or promise in it which warrants commendation.

H. A. SUMNER & Co. begin their "Acorn Series" of novels with "The Red Acorn," by Mr. John McElroy. The story carries us back to our civil war, and revives, under the necessary disguises, some of the characters and scenes actually included in the history of the First Division of the Fourteenth Corps, of the Army of the Cumberland. The badge of the division was a crimson acorn, which circumstance lends a title to the volume.

ASCOTT R. HOPE's dozen "Homespun Stories" (D. Appleton & Co.) will prove entertaining reading to the young. They have all a basis of fact, being founded upon incidents of actual occurrence in the life of the author or of some of his intimate friends. They are narrated with spirit and humor, and have the literary finish of work done by a practised writer.

### "CONVICT INDEXES."

To the Editor of THE DIAL:

If some future compiler of American humor should wish to make a chapter on "Elephantine Jokes and their Authors," he will thank us for contributing to the list the name of Mr. Wm. Hand Browne, the Librarian of Johns Hopkins University, and the solution of the riddle which he furnished to "The Nation" of Feb. 8, p. 123, in the form of a communication on "Convict Indexes." The indexing of books he regarded as work peculiarly adapted to the taste and capacity of convicts in our penitentiaries. If they cannot read, they ought to be taught the alphabet for this purpose. The communication was dated at "Johns Hopkins University," and had a fictitious signature in bad Latin. The name of so respectable an institution inspired curiosity; and a note was addressed to the editor of "The Nation," asking the real name of the writer; his connection with Johns Hopkins University; and, was he a convict? The note was sent by the editor to the writer in Baltimore, who replied over another assumed signature in correct Latin, that he was the writer, that he was a convict, that his ancestors before him had been convicts, and that he "looked forward with some assurance to the day when 'Convict Indexes,' in tasteful striped bindings, would be found in all libraries." A note was then sent to President Gilman, inclosing the hand writing, and asking for the name, and the offi-



cial position in his institution, of the anonymous writer. The President courteously replied, and gave both, as stated above. The article in "The Nation," he said, was intended as a joke; and whatever might be thought of its jocosity, the writer was an estimable and amiable person. To cast odium or ridicule on work so useful to students and literary men as the indexing of books was the last thing which would occur to so good a man. It seems, therefore, that for once Mr. Browne wanted to be funny; and his success was that of the elephant who attempted to dance a hornpipe. We accept the explanation, and record it among the curiosities of humor.

W. F. POOLE.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S "Daisy Miller," in dramatic form, begun in the April "Atlantic," will run through two more numbers.

JOHN BACH McMASTER, author of the new "History of the People of the United States," was formerly a professor at Princeton.

RENAN'S "Recollections of Childhood and Youth" will soon be issued by Putnam & Co., simultaneously with its appearance in London and Paris.

HENRY HOLT & Co. will soon begin the publication of a "Leisure Moment Series" of novels, in cheaper form than the "Leisure Hour Series."

THE latest of Mr. Foster's excellent "Monthly Reference Lists" (Providence, R. I.) contains a very full list of books and magazine articles upon Richard Wagner.

THE "Blockade and Cruisers," the first volume in the series on "The Navy in the Civil War," has just been published by Scribner's Sons. Its author is Professor Soley, of the U. S. Navy.

SEVERAL of Mr. James's most popular short stories, "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," "A Bundle of Letters," and "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," will form a number in "Harper's Franklin Square Library."

"THE WHEELMAN," the Boston journal of bicycling, has completed its first volume, which it sends out in neat covers. "The Wheelman" is a handsome illustrated monthly, surprisingly attractive in matter and pictures.

MR. GRISWOLD (Q. P. Index), of Bangor, Maine, whose work THE DIAL is always glad to commend, has just issued "A General Index to 'The Contemporary Review,' 'The Fortnightly Review,' and 'The Nineteenth Century.'"

HARPER & BROTHERS have offered the very liberal award of \$3,000 for the best original drawing illustrating Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn." Competitors must be under twenty-five years of age. Full particulars may be had by addressing the firm.

"THE 'National Review,'" the new English Tory magazine, of which the first number appeared for March, is a substantial and attractive periodical,

which will undoubtedly compel a hearing, at least in Great Britain. It is supplied to American readers by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A POEM by the late Sidney Lanier, entitled "Remonstrance," which appeared in the April "Century," will strike those acquainted with the author as one of his best and most characteristic productions. It certainly is a strong poem—intense in feeling and powerful in expression. It could be imputed to no other known American poet, and causes fresh regret at the untimely death of an author who had given such remarkable signs of promise. We are very glad to note that the series of lectures on "The English Novel and the Principle of its Development," prepared by Mr. Lanier and delivered by him to the students of Johns Hopkins University, will soon be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will fitly commemorate the centenary anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving in a memorial edition of his Life and Letters. It will be in three quarto volumes, limited to three hundred copies. Type, paper and printing will be of the finest. The work will have a large number of illustrations, including a new portrait of Irving at the age of twenty-one, a portrait of Miss Hoffman (his *fiancée*), and a portrait of Mr. G. P. Putnam, the publisher to whose generous encouragement Irving confessed so deep an obligation, and whose confidence in the author has in turn been so handsomely rewarded. The volume will include portraits of a large number of Irving's literary contemporaries, and several views upon steel.

#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following List includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of March by Messrs. JANSEN, McCLURG & Co., Chicago.]

##### HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

**A History of the People of the United States.** From the Revolution to the Civil War. By John B. McMaster. 5 vols., 8vo. Vol. I now ready. Per vol., \$2.50.

"The cardinal qualities of style, lucidity, animation, and energy are everywhere present. Seldom, indeed, has a book in which matter of substantial value has been so happily united to attractiveness of form been offered by an American author to his fellow citizens."—*N. Y. Sun*.

**Four Years of Irish History, 1845-49.** By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. 8vo., pp. 780. \$3.

"Interesting at any time, this book on the young Ireland party, written by one of themselves, is possessed of special attractions at the present time."—*N. Y. Herald*.

**The Blockade and the Cruisers.** By J. R. Soley. "The Navy in the Civil War." I. Pp. 257. \$1.

The great degree of favor accorded "The Campaigns of the Civil War" bespeaks a large measure of success for this new series of monographs on the navy.

**The War Between Peru and Chile, 1879-82.** By C. R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. Pp. 306. \$2.50.

**A Concise English History.** By W. M. Lupton. Pp. 385. \$1.50.

"A book which the man of to-day, who feels himself chained to that damnable galley called business, and who yet feels a strong desire to know something of the history of mankind, will bless the author for making."—*Chicago Times*.

**Sinai and Palestine.** In connection with their History. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., F.R.S. New Edition. 8vo., pp. 641. \$2.50.

"The work may be regarded as a standard on the subject of which it treats."—*N. Y. Times*.

**On the Wing.** Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific. By Mary E. Blake. Pp. 253. \$1.

**Life on the Nile in a Dahabeek,** and Excursions on Shore between Cairo and Assuan; also, a trip in Syria and Palestine in 1866-67. By W. W. Warren. \$1.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

**A Biography of William Cullen Bryant.** With Extracts from his Private Correspondence. By Parke Godwin. 2 vols. Crown, 8vo. *Portraits.* \$6.

"Written with a fulness of knowledge that leaves nothing to be desired, and in the most admirable taste. I am not sure that it is not the finest piece of biographical writing about a man of letters than America has yet produced. On the whole, I think it is."—*R. H. Stoddard in the N. Y. Independent.*

**Life of Lord Lawrence.** By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. 2 vols., 8vo. *Portrait.* \$5.

"We have, as the outcome of much conscientious search and labor, a book which is worthy of the man whose life it portrays. It deserves to be widely read."—*N. Y. Herald.*

**Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution,** and their families. By A. B. Mazzei. 8vo. Pp. 434. \$2.50.

**Thomas Jefferson.** By J. J. Morse, Jr. "*American Statesmen.*" Pp. 351. \$1.25.

**George Eliot.** By Mathilde Blind. "*Famous Women.*" Pp. 290. \$1.

"A graceful and unpretentious little biography, and tells all that need be told concerning one of the greatest writers of the times."—*New York Tribune.*

**Autobiography of Black Hawk.** Dictated by himself. A. Le Claire, U. S. Interpreter. J. B. Patterson, Editor and Amanuensis. Pp. 268. \$1.50.

#### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES.

**Bacon's Promus** of Formularies and Elegancies. Illustrated and elucidated by Passages from Shakespeare. By Mrs. Henry Pott. 8vo., pp. 628. *London, Longman's Imprint.* Net, \$5.

**Thucydides.** Translated into English, with Introduction, Marginal Analysis, and Index. By B. Jowett, M.A. 8vo. pp. 699. \$3.50.

"The text of the delightful old Greek historian could not have fallen into better hands."—*New York Herald.*

**Essays on Philosophical Criticism.** Edited by A. Seth and R. B. Haldane, with a Preface by Edward Caird. 8vo., pp. 277. *London.* \$3.60.

**The Epic of Kings.** Stories Retold from Firdusi. By Helen Zimmern. Pp. 329. \$2.50.

**Nathaniel Hawthorne's Complete Works.** *Riverside Edition.* To be completed in 12 vols., 12 mo. Illustrated with Etchings by Church, Gifford and others. Vols. I.-VI. now ready. Per vol. \$4.

"In many respects the most severely simple and chastely rich books that have ever come from the famous 'Riverside Press.'"—*N. Y. Times.*

**Select Letters of P. B. Shelley.** Edited with an introduction by R. Garnett. "*Purchment Series.*" Pp. 255. \$1.25.

"Extracts from Chordal's Letters." Comprising the choicest selections, with preface by the author, portrait and illustrations. *New and enlarged edition.* Pp. 396. \$2.

**Lectures, Essays and Sermons.** By Samuel Johnson. With a Memoir by Samuel Longfellow. Pp. 468. *Portrait.* \$1.75.

**Emerson as a Poet.** By Joel Benton. Pp. 134. *Portrait.* \$1.50.

**A Mingled Yarn.** A Series of Sketches. By Henry Edwards. \$1.

**The Widow Bedott Papers.** By Frances M. Whitcher. *New Edition.* Pp. 403. \$1.25.

#### LITERATURE—THE DRAMA.

**A History of Latin Literature,** from Ennius to Boethius. By G. A. Simcox, M.A. 2 vols., 8vo. *London. Longman's Imprint.* Net, \$12.80.

**The Literary History of England** in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Oliphant. *Cheaper Edition.* 3 vols., 8vo. *London.* \$5.

**The Same.** *Cheaper Edition* in 2 vols., 12mo. *London.* \$3.

**Chats About Books,** Poets and Novelists. By Mayo W. Hazeltine. Pp. 360. \$1.50.

"An extremely interesting volume."—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

**Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe.** By E. W. Gosse. *New and cheaper edition.* Pp. 375. *London.* Net, \$2.10.

**Mirabeau.** An Historical Drama. By Geo. H. Calvert. Pp. 108. \$1.

**The Sleeping Car.** A Farce. By W. D. Howells. Pp. 74. \$ .30.

#### ART.

**The Vanity Fair Album.** A Show of Sovereigns, Statesmen, Judges and Men of the Day. With Biographical and Critical Notices. By Jehu Junior. Folio. *Portraits* in colors. *Net,* \$25.

**Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome.** By J. E. Freeman. Pp. 337. \$1.50.

"Tells pleasant things in a pleasant way."—*N. Y. Times.*

**Notes on the Principal Pictures** in the Louvre Gallery at Paris, and in the Brera Gallery at Milan. By C. L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. Pp. 443. \$2.

#### POETRY AND MUSIC.

**Poems.** Selected from Percy B. Shelley, with preface. By R. Garnett. Parchment. Pp. 394. *London. Net,* \$2.10.

**Songs of Toil and Triumph.** By J. L. McCreery. \$1.25.

**Hymns of the Eastern Church.** Translated with notes and an introduction by Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. With music from Greek and other sources, etc., by the Very Rev. S. G. Hatherley, Mus. B. Pp. 160. *London.* \$3.50.

**Our Choir.** A symphony in A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc. Flat and Sharp, Major and Minor. By E. G. Bush. \$1.50.

#### SCIENCE—MECHANICS, ETC.

**Manual of Assaying.** Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead Ores. By Walter Lee Brown, B.Sc. Illustrated. Pp. 318. \$1.75.

"It is just such a book as is needed to assist those who are by active work developing the gold and silver mines of the country. All the details of the book are of the same practical sort as its plan of instruction. The book is founded on a useful idea, the execution of which has been most successful."—*Chicago Tribune.*

**Animal Intelligence.** By G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. "*The International Scientific Series.*" Pp. 529. \$1.75.

"Of absorbing interest. \* \* \* His ably written book will doubtless be hailed as a standard work by scientists generally."—*N. Y. Herald.*

**Study and Stimulants;** or, The Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life. As Illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject from Men of Letters and of Science. Edited by A. A. Reade. Pp. 206. \$1.50.

"A contribution both interesting and valuable to the study of the effect of stimulants upon mental activity."—*New York Tribune.*

**The Sun; Its Planets and Their Satellites.** By Edmund Ledger, M.A. Crown, 8vo. Pp. 432. *London. Net,* \$4.30.

**Practical Mechanics.** By John Perry, M.E. Pp. 271. \$1.50.

**Electro-Magnets:** The Determination of the Elements of Their Construction. From the French of Th. DuMoncel. "*Van Nostrand's Science Series.*" Boards. \$ .50.

**Hand-Book of Vertebrate Dissection.** By H. N. Martin, D.Sc., M.D., M.A., and W. A. Moale, M.D. Part II. How to Dissect a Bird. Pp. 174. *London. Net,* \$ .60.

**Truck-Farming at the South.** A Guide to the Raising of Vegetables for Northern Markets. By Dr. A. Oemler. Pp. 270. \$1.50.

"A practical Treatise."—*N. Y. Herald.*

#### REFERENCE.

**The Encyclopedia Britannica.** *Ninth, Revised Edition.* Vol. XV now ready. To be completed in XXI vols. Subscriptions received by Jansen, McClurg & Co. Cloth, per vol., \$8. Half Russia, per vol. \$10.

**The Statesmen's Year Book.** Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World for 1883. Pp. 784. *London.* \$3.

"No statesman, member of Parliament, or publicist can afford to dispense with it; and to all private persons who desire to have an intelligent notion of the different nations of the earth, it will be an admirable guide."—*London Daily News.*

**The American Almanac and Treasury of Facts for 1883.** Statistical, Financial, and political. Edited by A. R. Spofford. Popular Edition. Paper, 25 cents. Library Edition, 100 pages additional matter, \$1.50.

#### LAW—POLITICAL ECONOMY.

**A History of the Criminal Law of England.** By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. 3 vols., 8vo. *London. Net,* \$12.50.

"He has wrestled mightily with a host of perplexed statutes of which not many lawyers know so much as the existence. \* \* \* Not only are they intelligible to any reader of fair capacity and industry, but misunderstanding is hardly possible."—*London Times.*

**The Rise and Growth of the Law of Nations.** As Established by General Usage and by Treaties, from the Earliest times to the Treaty of Utrecht. By John Hosack. 8vo. Pp. 394. London. Net, \$4.30.

**The New Golden Age, and Influence of the Precious Metals upon the World.** By R. H. Patterson. 2 vols., 8vo. Edinburgh. Net, \$11.00.

**State Aid and State Interference.** Illustrated by Results in Commerce and Industry. By G. Baden-Powell, M.A., etc., Pp. 284. London. Net, \$3.10.

"We commend the work to those persons in this country who realize the importance to Americans of the question it discusses, and who wish to study it with the single object of ascertaining the truth."—*The Critic*.

**Wealth Creation.** By Augustus Mongredien. Pp. 308. \$1.25.

"He writes sanguinely and hopefully, but with great clearness and with much convincing power."—*N. Y. Herald*.

## SPORTING.

**The Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle.** Including Game and Wildfowl Guns, Sporting and Match Rifles, and Revolvers. By J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"). 8vo. London. Net, \$6.

**Rustlings in the Rockies.** Hunting and Fishing by Mountain and Stream. By G. O. Shields (Coquina). Pp. 306. \$1.

**Practical Hints on Rifle Practice.** With Military Arms. 50c.

## FICTION.

**Fanchette.** By One of Her Admirers. "Round-Robin Series." Pp. 369. \$1.

"A jolly little novel."—*N. Y. Times*.

**A Daughter of the Philistines.** "No-Name Series." Pp. 345. \$1.

**The Red Acorn.** By John McElroy. "The Acorn Series." Pp. 322. \$1.

"An admirable novel."—*Chicago Tribune*.

**The Guardian Angel.** By O. W. Holmes. New edition. Pp. 440. \$3.

**One of a Covey.** By the authors of "Honor Bright." Pp. 282. \$1.25.

**Out of the Way.** By Helen L. Taylor. Pp. 288. \$1.25.

**The Man of the House.** By Pansy. Pp. 514. \$1.50.

**Martin the Skipper.** A Tale for Boys and Seafaring Folk. By J. F. Cobb, F.R.G.S. Pp. 403. \$1.25.

**The Snow Family.** By Maria B. Lyman. Pp. 174. \$1.00.

**L'Evangeliste.** From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Pp. 304. Paper 75c. Cloth \$1.25.

**A Parisian Romance.** From the French of Octave Feuillet. Pp. 294. Paper 50c. Cloth \$1.

**Steven Lawrence.** By Mrs. Annie Edwards. 8vo., pp. 422. \$1.50.

**Susan Fielding.** By Mrs. Annie Edwards. 8vo. Pp. 279. \$1.50.

**Mrs. Isaacs.** By B. L. Farjeon. Paper 50c.

NEW NOS. IN FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

**Unspotted from the World.** By Mrs. G. W. Godfrey. 20c.

**James Nasmyth, Engineer.** An autobiography. Edited by S. Smiles. 20c.

**Who is Sylvia?** By A. Price. 20c.

**The Wreck of the Grosvenor.** By W. C. Russell. 15c.

**Why we Laugh?** By S. S. Cox. 25c.

## RELIGION-PHILOSOPHY.

**Sacred Books of the East.** Edited by F. Max Muller. London. Vol. XIV. The Sacred Laws of the Aryas as taught in the Schools of Apastamba Gautama, Vasistha and Baudhayana. Translated by Georg Buhler—Part II—Vasistha and Baudhayana. 8vo. Net, \$2.75. Vol. XVIII.—Pahlavi Texts. Translated by E. W. West. Part II.—The Dadistan-i Dinik and the Epistles of Manukihar. 8vo. Net, \$3.25.

**The Parallel New Testament.** Greek and English. Being the authorized version set forth in 1611. Arranged in parallel columns with the Revised Version of 1881, and with the Greek Text followed in the Revised Version, etc. Pp. 1,096. London. \$6.

**The Relation of Christianity to Civil Society.** By S. S. Harris, D.D., LL.D. The Bohlen Lectures, 1882. Pp. 222. \$1.25.

**The Christian Year.** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year. By John Keble. "Parchment Series." Pp. 291. Portrait. \$1.25.

**Lectures on Preaching.** Delivered to the Students of Theology at Yale College, Jan. and Feb., 1882. By E. G. Robinson. Pp. 214. \$1.25.

**The Orthodox Theology of To-Day.** By Newman Smyth. Revised edition. Pp. 189. \$1.25.

**Perfect Prayer.** How Offered: How Answered. By Rev. Channcey Giles. Pp. 334. \$1.

**Royal Grace and Loyal Gifts.** Comprising Royal Commandments, Bounty, Invitation, Kept for the Master's Use, My King, Loyal Responses. By Frances R. Havergal. Pp. 564. Net, \$1.

**The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible.** By R. H. Newton. Pp. 364. \$1.

**Winged Songs:** An Easter Jubilee. By Rose Porter. Tied with ribbon. 50c.

**Maxims and Gleanings from the Writings of E. B. Pusey D.D.** Selected and Arranged for Daily Use by C. M. S. Pp. 140. 60c.

**Lectures on the Calling of a Christian Woman,** and Her Training to Fulfill It. By Morgan Dix, S.T.D. Pp. 175. 50c.

**Steps Heavenward.** A Book of Daily Simple Prayer and Praise for and with Our Dear Children. Compiled by a Mother. Pp. 83. London. 40c.

**The Theological and Philosophical Works of Hermes Trismegistus, Christian Neoplatonist.** Translated from the Original Greek, with Preface, Notes and Indices, by J. D. Chambers, M.A., F.S.A. 8vo. Pp. 170. Edinburgh. Net, \$2.10.

**Concord Lectures on Philosophy.** Comprising Outlines of all the Lectures at the Concord Summer School of Philosophy in 1881. With an Historical Sketch. Collected and Arranged by R. L. Bridgman. 8vo. Pp. 168. \$1.75.

**Principles of Agnosticism.** Applied to Evidences of Christianity. By J. A. Harris. Pp. 128. 75c.

## MEDICAL.

**The Dispensatory of the United States of America.** By Dr. G. B. Wood and Dr. F. Bache. Fifteenth Edition, rearranged, thoroughly revised, and largely rewritten. By H. C. Wood, M.D., J. P. Remington, Ph.D., and S. F. Sadtler, Ph.D., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Pp. 1,927. Sheep \$8.

**Manual of Chemical Analysis.** As Applied to the Examination of Medicinal Chemicals, etc. By F. Hoffman, A.M., Ph.D., and F. B. Power, Ph.D. Third Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged. 8vo. Pp. 624. \$4.25.

**The Pathology and Treatment of Diseases of the Ovaries.** By L. Tait, F.R.C.S., Edin. and Eng. Fourth Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. 8vo. Pp. 357. \$3.50.

**Experimental Pharmacology.** A Handbook of Methods for Studying the Physiological Action of Drugs. Translated from the German of L. Hermann, with notes and additions, by R. M. Smith, M.D. Pp. 201. \$1.50.

**The Systematic Treatment of Nerve Prostration and Hysteria.** By W. S. Playfair, M.D., F.R.C.S. Pp. 111. \$1.

**How to Feed the Baby, etc.** By C. E. Page, M.D. Third Edition, revised. Paper 50c.

[Any book in this list will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by JANSEN, McCLURG & CO., Chicago.]

## BINDINGS FOR THE DIAL.

Subscribers wishing their copies of the First, Second or Third Volume of THE DIAL bound can send them to the Publishers for that purpose.

Price of Cloth Binding, \$1 per Volume.

JANSEN, McCLURG & CO., Publishers,

117 & 119 State Street, CHICAGO.

OVER 25,000 SOLD  
IN TWO YEARS.

MISS PARLOA'S  
NEW COOK BOOK,

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

450 pages. 85 illustrations. 1,794 receipts and items of instruction.

COMPLETE MARKETING GUIDE.—ILLUSTRATED.

Full directions for

KITCHEN FURNISHING.

1 vol., 12mo. Price \$1.50.

Sold by all booksellers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by the publishers,

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON.

JOHN HOLLAND,

Manufacturer of all Styles of

BEST QUALITY GOLD PENS,

Pencil Cases, Novelties in Charm Pencils,

GOLD TOOTH-PICKS, FINE PEN-HOLDERS, Etc.

Our Gold Pens received the Highest Award at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876, "FOR GREAT ELASTICITY AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE." See Report of Judges, published by Lippincott & Co., Phila. For sale by the trade.

MANUFACTORY AND SALESROOM:

19 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

Illustrated Price Lists Mailed on Application.

ESTERBROOK'S

STEEL PENS,

Of Superior and Standard Quality.

POPULAR NUMBERS: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Company,

26 JOHN STREET,

Works: Camden, N. J.

NEW YORK.

WORTH READING.

THE THEORIES OF DARWIN.

And their Relation to Philosophy, Religion, and Morality. From the German of Rudolph Schmid, by G. A. ZIMMERMANN, Ph.D. Price \$2.

TIMES OF GUSTAF ADOLF.

An Historical Romance, from the Swedish of Topellius. Price \$1.25.

INGERSOLLISM.

From a Secular Point of View. By Hon. GEORGE R. WENDLING. Price \$1.

A MERE CAPRICE.

A Story of Parisian Life. By MARY HEALY. In cloth. Price \$1.

THE SAME, in paper. Price 50 cents.

A NIHILIST PRINCESS.

From the French of M. L. Gagneur. In cloth. Price \$1.25.

THE SAME, in paper. Price 75 cents.

TALKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A Manual embracing the Great Epochs of English Literature from the English conquest of Britain, 449, to the death of Walter Scott, 1832. By ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON. Price \$2.

FRONTIER ARMY SKETCHES.

A collection of spirited and unique descriptions of border life. By JAMES W. STEELE. Price \$1.50.

SKETCH OF EDWARD COLES,

Second Governor of Illinois, and of the Slavery Struggle of 1823-24. By the Hon. E. B. WASHBURN. Price \$1.50.

CLUB ESSAYS.

By Prof. DAVID SWING. Price \$1.

BELGIAN DAYS.

A Story of Belgian Life. By KATE BYAM MARTIN. Price \$1.

GOLDEN POEMS.

By British and American Authors. Selected and edited by FRANCIS F. BROWNE. Price \$2.50.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

From the Words of Leading Orators, Divines, Philosophers, Statesmen, and Poets. By the Rev. S. P. LINN. Price \$2.50.

SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE.

For Young People. By Miss E. S. KIRKLAND. Price \$1.50.

TALES OF ANCIENT GREECE.

By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart., M.A. Price \$1.50.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON CAMPING.

By HOWARD HENDERSON. Price \$1.25.

MUSIC-STUDY IN GERMANY.

By Miss AMY FAY. Price \$1.25.

LIFE OF HAYDN.

From the German of Louis Nohl. Price \$1.25.

LIFE OF MOZART.

From the German of Louis Nohl. Price \$1.25.

LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

From the German of Louis Nohl. Price \$1.25.

THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH,

During the Civil War. By WM. R. PLUM, LL.B. 2 vols., 8 vo. Price \$5.

Sold by all booksellers, or mailed, on receipt of price, by JANSSEN, McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



## HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co's NEW BOOKS.

### THOMAS JEFFERSON.

VOL. VII. in "American Statesmen" series.  
By JOHN T. MORSE, Jr., Editor of the Series,  
and author of "John Quincy Adams." 16mo,  
gilt top, \$1.25.

A very interesting account of Jefferson's career and of his conspicuous part in shaping and administering the government of this country. One of the most valuable and attractive volumes in the series of "American Statesmen."

### RIVERSIDE HAWTHORNE.

Vol. V. THE SCARLET LETTER and THE  
BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

Vol. VI. THE MARBLE FAUN.

Each containing an Introductory Note by Mr.  
GEORGE P. LATHROP, author of "A Study of  
Hawthorne," an original full-page Etching, and  
a Vignette Woodcut. Crown 8vo, gilt top. \$2  
a volume.

"In many respects the most severely simple and chastely  
rich books that have ever come from the famous Riverside  
Press."—*New York Times*.

### Lectures, Essays, and Sermons.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, author of "Oriental Reli-  
gions." With a Memoir of Mr. Johnson, by  
REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, and a Steel Portrait.  
Crown 8vo, \$1.75.

A book of special interest to those who have read Mr. John-  
son's remarkable work on Oriental Religions, to those who  
had the good fortune to know him personally, and to all who  
can appreciate a scholarship so large and thoughtful, and a  
character so exalted and simple as his.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New and re-  
vised Edition, uniform with the "Autocrat of the  
Breakfast Table," etc. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.

"It is full of wit and wisdom and interest, and, indeed, of all  
those good qualities which most novels are without."—*London  
Illustrated Times*.

### Notes on the Louvre Gallery, Paris,

AND ON THE BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.  
By C. L. EASTLAKE, Keeper of the National  
Gallery, London; author of "Hints on House-  
hold Taste," etc. Small quarto, fully illustrated.  
\$2.

These Notes by so competent a person as Mr. Eastlake will  
be of special value and convenience to all who visit the famous  
picture galleries of Europe, as well as to lovers of art.

\* \* \* For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by mail, post-paid, on  
receipt of price, by the publishers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY,  
4 PARK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

H., M. & Co., will send to any address, a portrait catalogue  
of their publications, with Portraits of several of their dis-  
tinguished Authors—Aldrich, Hans Christian Andersen,  
Björnson, Cooper, Dickens, Emerson, Bret Harte, Hawthorne,  
Holmes, Howells, Henry James, Jr., Longfellow, Lowell, Owen  
Meredit, Scudder, Steadman, Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Ten-  
nyson, Charles Dudley Warner, and Whittier.

*A sumptuous library edition of the LIFE AND  
WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN  
BRYANT, edited by Parke Godwin, elegant-  
ly printed in large type, with wide margins, in  
handsome square octavo volumes. Now ready:*

#### I.

#### A BIOGRAPHY OF

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

*With Extracts from his Private Correspondence.*

By PARKE GODWIN.

Containing a full account, from authentic sources,  
of the poet's ancestry; of his boyhood among the  
Hampshire hills; of his early poems; of his ten  
years' life as a country lawyer; of his long editorial  
career in New York; of his intercourse with con-  
temporaries; of his travels abroad and at home; of  
the origin of many of his poems; of his political  
opinions; of his speeches and addresses; and of the  
honors he received.

*With Two Portraits on Steel: one from a Painting by  
MORSE, taken when Mr. Bryant was in his thirty-  
first year; and one from a Photograph by*

*SARONY, taken in 1873.*

In two volumes, square 8vo: cloth, gilt top. Price \$6.

#### II.

#### THE POETICAL WORKS OF

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Edited by PARKE GODWIN.

In two volumes, square 8vo, uniform with the "Bi-  
ography," cloth, gilt top. Price \$6.

This is a wholly new and exhaustive edition of  
Bryant's Poetical Works, printed with unusual ele-  
gance. It contains: 1. All Mr. Bryant's poems that  
have hitherto appeared, with his latest corrections.  
2. Sixty or more never before collected, including  
some thirty beautiful hymns, and a companion piece  
to "Sella" and "The Little People of the Snow."  
3. Copious notes by Parke Godwin, giving various  
changes in the more important poems, an account of  
their origin, and other interesting information.

To be followed, in uniform style, by

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES. In  
one volume.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL. In one volume.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,  
NEW YORK.

Selection of the Spring Publications  
OF  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

27 AND 29 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST.,  
NEW YORK.

**AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS;**

A Manual of Suggestions for beginners in Literature: comprising a description of publishing methods and arrangements, directions for the preparation of MSS. for the press, explanations of the details of book-manufacturing, with instructions for proof-reading, and specimens of typography, the text of the United States Copyright Law and information concerning International Copyrights, together with general hints for authors. 12mo, cloth extra, *about* \$1.

**THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON**

(omitting the documentary material), New Centennial Edition, printed from new plates, in a handsome quarto, with illustrations. Parts I and II, paper covers, together, *about* 50 cents.

The two parts are bound in one volume, with extra plates (on steel), cloth extra, *about* \$1.25.

"This fascinating and valuable book is now within the reach of all, and no citizen who does not already possess it should deny himself this rare opportunity of securing this *best* work by 'America's First Writer' upon America's noblest hero."—*Amherst Student*.

**ITALIAN RAMBLES,**

By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, author of "The Art Idea," "Italian Sights," etc. 16mo, cloth extra.

**THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE,**

And the way thither. By ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop), author of "Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," "The Hawaiian Archipelago," etc. Octavo, with maps and illustrations.

**THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S MANUAL,**

By WORTHINGTON C. FORD. Part I.—Governments (National, State, and Local), the Electorate, and the Civil Service. "Questions of the Day," Volume IV. Octavo, cloth, \$1.

Part II.—The Functions of Government, considered with special reference to Taxation and Expenditure, the Regulation of Commerce and Industry, Provisions for the Poor and Insane, the Management of the Public Lands, etc. "Questions of the Day," Volume V. Octavo, cloth, \$1.

A work planned to afford in compact form a comprehensive summary of the nature of the organization of the Government of the United States, National, State, and Local, and of the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of American citizens.

Full Catalogue and Spring List of New Publications sent on application.

A NEW BOOK.

*THE RED ACORN.*

By JOHN McELROY, Editor of the *Toledo Blade*, author of "Andersonville," "A File of Infantrymen," etc., etc. HENRY A. SUMNER & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill. 322 12mo. pages. Bound in cloth, gold and black stamps. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. McElroy, whose earlier books have met with such remarkable sales, has essayed another, which promises to be even a greater success. "THE RED ACORN" is truly a noteworthy story, and will take hold of the public mind in a way that few books have done in recent years. It ventures into a new field, which has as yet been untilled by any American author, though it adjoins closely those worked so successfully by Charles Lever and Thomas Hardy among British novelists, and Erckmann-Chatrain among those of France. Mr. McElroy tells a vividly realistic story of *real* people, who bore the heat and burden of the late war. His characters are all drawn from life, and they love and laugh, fight and endure, in the most captivating and natural way. There is not a dull line in the book, nor a chapter that the reader does not thoroughly enjoy and wish was longer. From first to last it is bright, breezy, humorous and intense to a degree hardly attained by any book issued from the American press for many years. The fun is continuous, and unstrained, the movement of the story easy and fascinating, and the descriptions are superb bits of word-painting. The handsome but half-spoiled *Harry Glen*, who has to have his really rich manhood developed by a rude process; the brilliant, high-natured *Rachel Bond*, the maidenly heroine; the cowardly *Alsbaugh*; the reckless, devil-may-care *Kent Edwards*; the surly but heroic *Abe Bolton*; the perennial philosophy of *Dr. Denston*; the intense earnestness of *Jim Fortner*, the mountaineer, and the pathetic sweetness of *Aunt Debby*, are all admirable characterizations, which are destined to take a permanent place in our literature. They are the first successful attempts to paint the real men and women whose courage and devotion made the war a success, though this portraiture is not allowed for an instant to burden and retard the swiftness and growing interest of the story. The narrative flows along so easily that the reader becomes acquainted with the characters as he does in real life, and before he knows it, is sympathizing intensely with their hopes, fears and achievements. Interspersed through the book are some magnificent and thrilling pictures of life in camp and on the march; fierce little skirmishes in mountain fastnesses, and finally grand battles.

The scene is laid in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, in the magnificent country from which the gallant old First Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps (from whose badge the book takes its name), was drawn, and over which it fought, and made its glorious record.

Sold by Booksellers, or mailed on receipt of price by

HENRY A. SUMNER & CO., Publishers,  
205 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

# DODD, MEAD & Co.

WILL PUBLISH IMMEDIATELY:

I.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY

— OF —

## ROBERT BROWNING.

With an Introduction by RICHARD GRANT WHITE.  
1 vol., 12mo.

Elegantly printed on linen paper, by De Vinne.  
Cloth, gilt top, \$3.

\*\* Seventy large paper copies have been printed by De Vinne on Japan paper.

Of the selection, Mr. White says in his preface:  
"It presents, I am sure, and am presuming enough to say, Browning at his best, and nearly all the best of Browning exclusive of his nominally dramatic works, from which extracts could not be made without deforming and destructive mutilation."

II.

A NEW BOOK ON ROSES.

SECOND EDITION.

## THE ROSE.

A TREATISE

*On the Cultivation, Family Characteristics, etc., of the Various Growth of Roses, with Accurate Descriptions of the Varieties now Generally Grown.*

By H. B. ELLWANGER, OF MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

16mo, cloth, extra, \$1.25.

It is the intention to furnish all directions necessary to the successful cultivation of the Rose, and to give information on many interesting topics not treated of by other writers. The experience and observation of many years is herein condensed and made of service to all who are interested in Roses.

Its contents include: Classification—Position or where to plant—Soil—Planting and Pruning—Manures, and how applied—Insects and Diseases, their prevention and cure—Propagation—Exhibitions—Forcing Roses—Varieties best adapted for special purposes—Permanent colors—Too-much-alike Roses—How to distinguish between similar varieties—Typical Roses—Raising new kinds—Catalogue of varieties.

Special attention is invited to the catalogue of varieties, on which a great amount of labor has been expended. The name of the variety is first given, then the habit of growth, and next in order the raiser, the year of introduction, the parentage or type to which the sort belongs, followed by the description proper. It is believed this catalogue will be found more accurate and complete than any hitherto published, the orthography, the description of colors and habit of growth have all received very careful consideration; in short, it has been the aim to make this compilation a standard of reference.

## DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

MACMILLAN & CO. beg to announce that the New Edition of "MR. ISAACS" is now ready at all Bookstores.

NEW EDITION. NOW READY.

## MR. ISAACS;

*A Tale of Modern India.*

— BY —

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

12mo. \$1.

"Mr. Isaacs" is a work of unusual ability. . . . Fully deserves the notice that it is sure to attract.—*London Athenaeum*.

The love story is told charmingly and with great refinement.—*Boston Transcript*.

The hero is a beautiful conception, carried out with great delicacy.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

A NEW NOVEL BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

## STRAY PEARLS.

*Memoirs of Margaret de Ribamont, Viscountess of Bellaise.*

— BY —

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc.

12mo. \$1.50. Ready.

Also, now ready, the TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND of the Historical and Philosophical Romance,

## JOHN INGLESANT.

— BY —

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

12mo. \$1.

NEW VOLUME OF THE DOLLAR SERIES.

## The Story of Melicent.

— BY —

FAYR MADOC.

12mo. \$1. Just ready.

Other Volumes in MACMILLAN & CO'S DOLLAR SERIES OF STANDARD NOVELS, are

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S HYPATIA.

WESTWARD, HO!

TWO YEARS AGO.

HEREWARD.

ALTON LOCKE.

YEAST.

MISS KEARY'S A DOUBTING HEART.

JANET'S HOME.

MISS LAFFAN'S HOGAN, M.P.

CHRISTY CAREW.

FLITTERS, TATTERS, &c.

GEORG EBERS' THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE.

MACMILLAN & Co., NEW YORK,

And all Booksellers.

## THE DIAL—FOURTH YEAR.

With the May number, *THE DIAL* enters upon its Fourth Year. Its marked success is a matter of gratification and of encouragement for the future influence of the journal in elevating the tone of literary criticism and advancing literary culture. The general scope and character of *THE DIAL* are well shown in the Index to the present volume, which accompanies this issue. The names of contributors there presented are believed to guarantee the interest of its articles and the fairness and intelligence of its opinions; while the high rank accorded it as an Independent Literary Journal is shown by the voluntary expressions of men distinguished in the world of letters, from which the following may be quoted:

29 DELAMERE TERRACE, London.

Allow me to express my admiration of *THE DIAL*. I am always pleased with what I read in it. It seems to me to preserve a higher critical standard, as regards literature, than any other American journal with which I happen to be acquainted.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

22 WASHINGTON PLACE, New York.

I desire to thank the editor and the publishers of *THE DIAL* for adorning my life with one of the most interesting periodical papers published in the country, and certainly the handsomest. Heartily wishing *THE DIAL* the success it so well deserves, I am,

Very respectfully,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

NEWBURYPORT, Massachusetts.

I enclose two dollars, for which please send me *THE DIAL*. You have been good enough to send it to me, so far, for nothing; but really, it is so very good that you must allow me the privilege of being a subscriber. I hope it succeeds as well as it deserves.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES PARTON.

DANVERS, Massachusetts.

Thy paper is highly creditable to thyself and Western Culture, and is always a welcome visitor.

I am, truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Of the many favorable press notices, there is here room only for the following:

"*THE DIAL* has won an honored place, and merits the large prosperity and success it has achieved. Every month its pages epitomize, and emphasize, and crystallize the leading literary events, and give in good shape well written reviews of the writings of the best authors. No literary review comes to our table that is more painstaking and honest in its estimate of the values of current literature. It is this honest work and fair dealing with both authors and the public which commends *THE DIAL*, and adds to its value as a review."—*Inter Ocean, Chicago*.

"*THE DIAL* has reached at a bound a position of the highest class as a literary magazine. Its leading criticisms are signed, and unite candor, courtesy and intelligence in a high degree. Its appearance and printing are equal to the best English papers."—*Christian Advocate, New York*.

*Published Monthly, at \$1.50 per year. Sample copy sent on application.*

JANSEN, MCCLURG & CO, PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

PRINTED BY KNIGHT & LEONARD, CHICAGO.



